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THE SPHERE, DECEMBER 28, 1935
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLIII
No. 1875
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC
DEC. 28 1935

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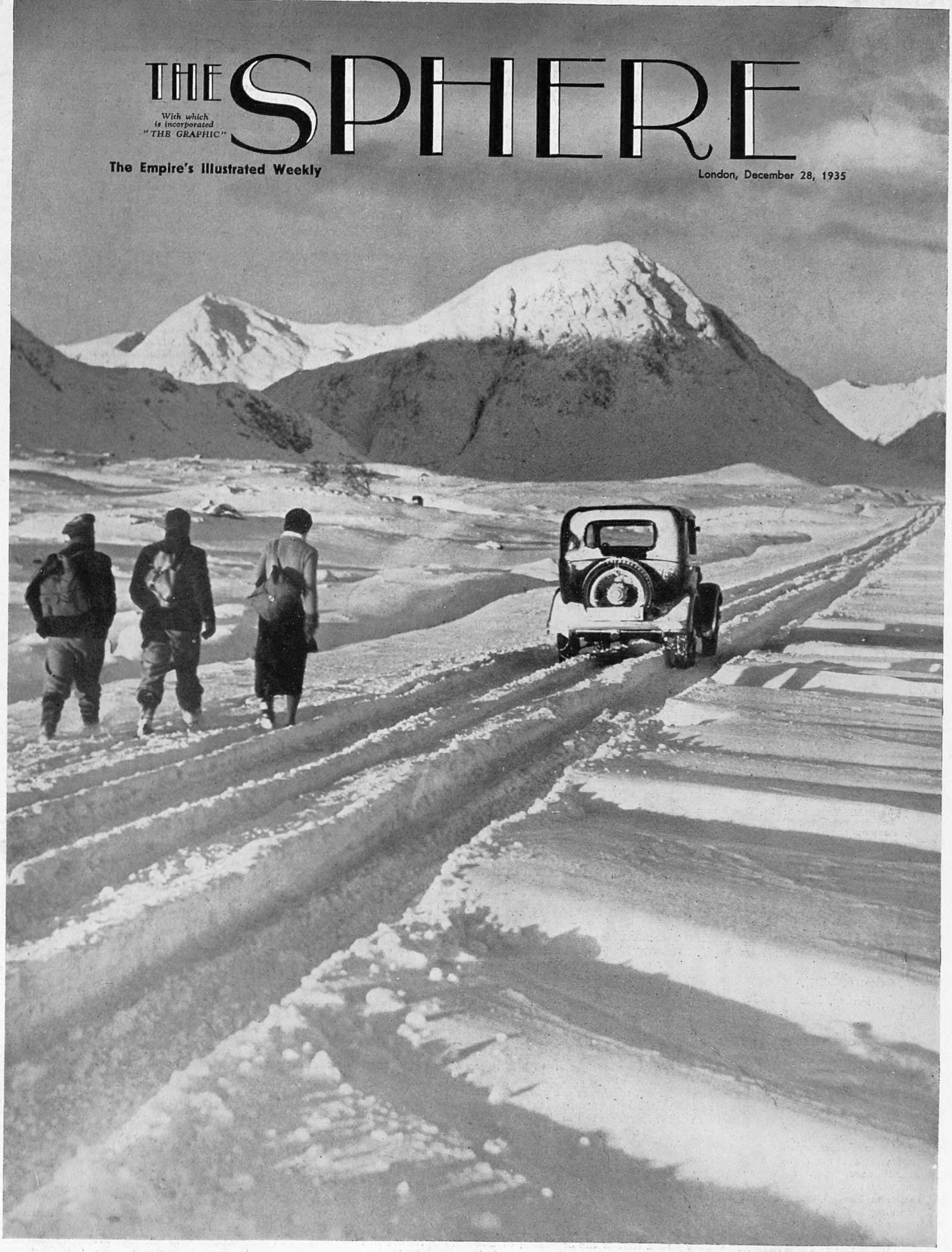
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, December 28, 1935



Scotland's Yuletide Mantle

Seasonable Weather in the Wilds of Argyllshire

North of the Border winter has set in in earnest, and this picture, taken on the new Glencoe Road, Argyllshire, in the shadow of the famous peak known as the Watcher of the Moor, typifies prevailing conditions. Down south, too, the countryside in places has a Christmassy aspect, and on Friday of last week 3 ins. of snow were reported at Whipsnade, Bedfordshire, while in counties as far apart as Somerset, Oxfordshire, and Cambridgeshire, moderate falls were also recorded. Such weather is certainly seasonable, but the motorist, ever practically minded, has good cause to look upon it with mixed feelings, for snow and frost mean nothing more than additions to his cares and, at a time when visiting is the order of the day, turn a commonplace journey into something of an adventure

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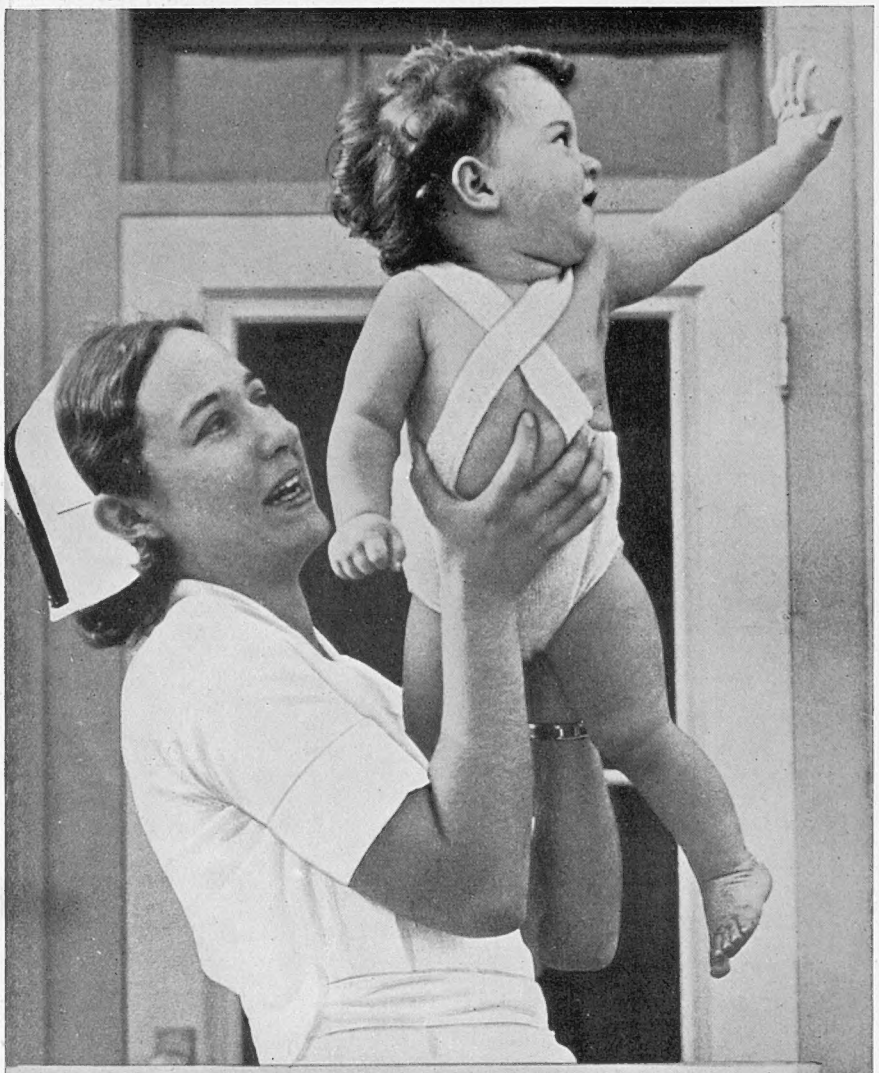


A PERSONAL TRIUMPH: Yvonne, foremost of the famous Dionne quintuplets of Callander, Ontario, waving excitedly from the arms of Nurse Lerroux a few moments after she had accomplished the feat of walking without aid for the first time. Later on the same day her sister, Emilie, also successfully crossed the spacious playroom

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

316, STRAND, W.C.,
Friday, December 20, 1935.

RING OUT THE OLD.—

A new year will have begun before the next issue of THE SPHERE. In wishing SPHERE readers a Happy New Year, I will follow established custom and ring out the old with a swift commentary on its lamentable record in international affairs and its more cheerful showing in our own country. I spoke last week of the shams of European Diplomacy in the past year and need not go back again over that sorry tale. Looking back over the year that is gone, I think human cynicism has its most fruitful field in recalling the high hopes with which we greeted every highly-advertised announcement of constructive results from the innumerable "conversations" which took place between European statesmen or the representatives of groups of nations. In the event, these agreements and understandings vanished like April snow and every month produced an entirely new situation which demanded new procedure and scrapped the gains of the month before. If the man in the street to-day re-acts with almost complete disillusionment to the official estimates of the fruits of European diplomacy and reads with cynicism the *démentis* which follow international conversations, it is difficult to blame him. World-peace and dis-armament are more remote ideals than in 1934. Expediency has sacrificed the League's principles to keep the League alive, and Civilisation has walked backwards.

THE HOPES OF SPRING.

—The year opened with M. Laval's agreement with Mussolini, reached in Rome, an agreement which we received with comfort, and which so embarrassed M. Laval in the latter part of the year when his obligations under the Covenant compelled him to take a formal stand at least on the side of Sanctions against Italy. In the middle of January interest shifted to the Saar when its inhabitants gave a 90 per cent. vote in favour of return to Germany. The change over, so anxiously safeguarded, was completed in perfect orderliness. It is curious to read that at the beginning of February the Premiers of Britain and France reached agreement on a scheme for European peace! *Homme propose. Il Duce dispose.* March came in with the Venizelos revolt and its swift and humiliating defeat which opened the way, via Kondylis, to the restoration at the end of the year of King George. In the same month Hitler showed his hand in the matter of rearming by announcing the restoration of compulsory service for all arms, and British Army estimates increased hugely to conform. At this time Sir John Simon and Mr. Eden made their famous pilgrimage to Berlin, and the picture of the family party sitting round the hopeful and harmonious table is burned on my memory. In April the Nazis had a set-back in the Danzig polling, and the Prime Minister in the Commons made his grave pronouncement on Germany's rearming, and on the steps he proposed in British policy to meet it. From this time Germany most curiously went out of the European picture Just before, the Stresa Conference had been held between MacDonald, Mussolini, and Flandin. But by the end of May Flandin had vanished in the French financial tornado.

CARNIVAL AND CRISIS.

—We forgot European politics most of the summer and spent our enthusiasm on the Jubilee celebrations, in the splendid pageantry of which we were able to show the world a solitary instance of a country, restored to prosperity, happy and united under an ideal monarchy, and an old-established constitution which seemed to stand the strain of post-war upheavals better than any vaunted substitute. We revelled and forgot until the Abyssinian question refused any longer to be fobbed off. We went on our summer holidays well knowing that war between Italy and Abyssinia was inevitable unless the League was strong enough and united enough then and there to impose effective sanctions. No sane man believed in the possibility of agreement on armed sanctions, and no statesman dared to suggest the one effective means of stopping the war by economic sanctions. The spark of the League's ashes was too feeble to justify serious measures to avert war on the one hand or masterly inactivity on the other. War was certain when we filtered in from our holidays. That astute statesman, the Emperor of Abyssinia, was holding his fierce dogs of war in hand, and on October 2 had won the first round against Mussolini, who "compelled Abyssinia to defend herself" by opening hostilities with an air attack on Adowa on October 2. On the 6th Adowa surrendered and on the next day the League adjudged Italy the "aggressor" for the purposes of League procedure. Italy's case and grievances were never under-rated, but in diplomacy the Emperor beat the Duce hands down. The invasion of Eritrea by Abyssinian forces was dated on the 7th.

THE "LULL" AND THE ELECTION.

—On October 10, fifty States of the League out of fifty-two agreed on collective sanction measures against Italy. Aksum fell to Italy on October 14. Meanwhile, in Greece the Royalist coup overthrew the Cabinet and King George's return became a certainty. Then came the "lull" in European affairs which Mr. Baldwin fastened upon for the General Election. The British public never lost its head. It was severely bored by a heavy dose of broadcast political addresses (which, since there was no serious difference of opinion among parties, was largely a campaign of mud-slinging and personalities) and on November 14 the National Government was confirmed in office for another term with remarkable national unanimity. On October 25 and onwards, various economic sanctions began to be imposed against Italy which greatly strengthened Italy's united front and determination. The Royal marriage and King George II's return to Greece afforded another brief interlude until the word "oil" was at last whispered and brought the Abyssinian question to the point of acute crisis. In the last month of the year this one effective sanction remained vaguely in the offing, denied, explained away, or cherished as a bargaining counter, while the "basis for a new agreement," agreed between France and England for submission to the League and the disputants, evoked widespread anxiety in Abyssinia and the Press of Europe even before its terms were announced. On December 11, these proposals were submitted to the parties and to the League, and the Press of Europe rang in sharp difference of tone towards them.

THE FRANCO-BRITISH PROPOSALS.

—Logically, it was unanswerable that Britain had suddenly given its signature to proposals which, as logically, the League could not accept without throwing its cherished principles overboard. The question remained for some days unsolved:—Was there ground, so urgent, so terrible, as to justify the scrapping of those principles and the abandonment of Abyssinia, and the charge of betrayal and cowardice against Britain? What had Laval learned from Mussolini of his intentions in the event of the imposition of a "serious" sanction? What had Sir Samuel learned from Laval? We had two solutions:—Either there would instantly be put into creation a Nazi block across Europe from Berlin to Brindisi; or Britain would be left to defend her Mediterranean interests and her routes to the East against the modern and marshalled hosts of Italy, without timeous aid from France. Were those grounds, if either were admitted, were even those awful possibilities, sufficient justification for trailing our honour in the dust and inviting the League to do the same to save its own poor life? No fair-minded, sane man could blame the Cabinet out of hand nor even solve the dilemma in theory—so frightful were the unknown consequences. There it remained until the morning of the Thursday debate, when astonished householders picked up their

newspapers and learnt of the resignation of Britain's Foreign Minister. The *dénouement* is fresh in our memory and needs no further comment.

THE EMPIRE—IMPROVED TRADE.—The most notable happenings in the Empire in the past year include the passing into law of the long-contested Government of India Bill, which grants broadly a form of parliamentary government in the autonomous provinces and the federal centre, with reservations of overriding authority vested in the G.G. or Governors of Provinces under superintendence by the Secretary of State in certain spheres. Australia's financial recovery from the slump was another remarkable feature of the Imperial year, and was in the main due to the great improvement in the wool trade. Canada returned to a Liberal administration, and Mr. Mackenzie-King signalised his return to power by a trade agreement with America, from which both countries augured hopeful results. Britain was invited to view the agreement as not likely to damage the advantages, if any, which the Old Country secured from the Ottawa Conference. South Africa took a particularly firm and broad view in the European crisis, and sent over a team of young cricketers, who returned home with the itinerant ashes of English cricket. On the whole the Empire showed a general participation in improved trade conditions and no diminution in solidarity over the troubles of Europe. As for Britain, there was no question that the rehabilitation of industry had been maintained and improved with widespread advantages.

IMPROVING TRADE.—The first important statistical information on trading, officially published, covered the exports of the first seven months of 1935. These showed an increase of £20,000,000 over the corresponding period of 1934, a sufficiently hopeful proof of improvement. Wages advanced, pay cuts were all cancelled, and throughout the year the home retail market continued to improve and show buoyancy. The unemployment figures dropped below the 2,000,000 figure, although at the end of July the percentage of unemployed was still 15 per cent. Never in our history, however, have more persons been in employment than in 1935. The problem is unsolved because there never before were so many workers for whom, in a sick world, work must be found. Most of the trouble lies in the north, as industry continues to drift southward where the bulk of the newer forms of industry pursue their activities. In the distressed areas no important steps have yet been taken, and the year ended in what must prove a long-deferred grappling with the problem of the coal-mining industry, and with the Government's promise to nationalise royalties. There is no disagreement now that miner-workers' wages are inadequate. The fog of doubt lies over the ability of the mines to pay an adequate wage. Housing went ahead to new records, and vast schemes for new roads and new armaments indicate further improvement in employment in 1936.

DEATH'S HARVEST.—The deaths on the road and in the air during 1935 gave increasing anxiety. Both were enormous and out of all proportion to the value of the inventions which caused them. Mr. Belisha was able to declare that for the first year in the history of Road-death Statistics, the figures showed a decline from the previous year. Granted that more cars than ever are on the road, there is cold comfort in the figures, having regard to the publicity and immense expenditure employed on means of amelioration. The general opinion is that, before any hope of real amelioration can be looked for, the whole system of roads in this country, which has cost Heaven knows how many scores of millions, must be scrapped and a new system installed. To those of us who believe that the cure lies with police and magistrates, to those who are familiar with the road-development and death statistics of America, and to those who cherish the vanishing beauties of England, this is a very depressing prospect. As for the air, the deaths of fine fellows and passengers have risen seriously over last year. A great deal of valuable time and money has perforce been spent in searches for airmen, lost in attempts to break yet more records; the reputation for "safety" of regular passenger air services has gained no whit during the year, and the aeroplane has made no advance at all in combating adverse weather conditions. In 1935, indeed, air-mindedness suffered a check. Among the chief victims of road and air tragedies were Queen Astrid—a tragedy of the completest kind—and Sir Charles Kingsford Smith. Of notables who died during the year mention must be made of Cardinal Bourne, Lord Carson, Lord Bridgeman, Mr. Justice Avory, Lord Byng, the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Gladstone, Lawrence of Arabia, Lord Wrenbury, Sir Arthur Pinero, Mr. Whitley, Lord Woolavington, Lord Morris, and Lord Jellicoe. Of foreigners, Pilsudski, von Jagow, Colonel Dreyfus, and M. Jules Cambon come to mind—and President Masaryk retired into private life.

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.—1935 revealed the book trade tight in the grip of its home-made vice. The spate of autumn books published in October and November threw contempt on the whole business of reviewing. The average conscientious reviewer is invited to read and pass judgment on fifty new books a week. As a result he either copies the author's wrapper-puff or concentrates on three or four volumes and cold-shoulders many excellent books. The publishers cannot get together to agree on limitation of intellectual armaments. They blame the libraries for their failure to sell their books. The booksellers blame the publishers. The public pay not the slightest attention nowadays to reviews or to publishers' advertising. Every book published being "an acknowledged masterpiece," superlatives have lost their force and reviewers their authority. A good book, if it ever comes to be heard of, sells only from lip to ear among the discerning public. I should put Wolff's 1914 among the most read and appreciated books of 1935. Fisher's Vols. I and II of *The History of Europe* are notable. Duff Cooper's first volume of *Haig* was a target for criticism (Haig was not a lively subject for a biography); Mallet's biography of Anthony Hope is a model of its kind; the *Seven Pillars* made its inevitable splash; and the Governor-General of Canada continued to be a best-seller in his easy way. By no means a notable year for great books. But reports of sales at the *Sunday Times* Book Exhibition were encouraging. In the world of art there was distinction and interest in the "Art in Industry" show at Burlington House in January. Sales were good at the R.A. and Burlington House had a bumper year, for the Chinese Exhibition which opened in November is without doubt the greatest art exhibition ever staged. I know nowadays too little of the drama and film world to speak of their achievements. I saw some good players in the usual poor film stories, and I rejoiced at the increasing popularity of Shakespeare. Indeed the theatre regained in the last half of the year a measure of its pre-war prosperity. The year showed at least ten long runs—*The Wind and the Rain*, of course; *Love on the Dole*, *Seeing Stars*, and the beautiful *Lady Precious Stream*.

THE OLD STAGER

DOULTON'S.—We are asked by Messrs. Doulton and Co. Limited to correct a statment which appeared in our issue of December 14, to the effect that the clearing of the site for the new headquarters of the London Fire Brigade is the breaking of the last link of that Company with Lambeth. Although Messrs. Doulton and Company have transferred some of their manufactures to Erith and other country works, there are still existing at Lambeth factories actively engaged in the production of their goods.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY: A cheerful scene at the Christmas party given by the Port of London Authority Police to 250 poor children living in the neighbourhood of St. Katherine's Dock. During the afternoon each youngster was presented with a pair of boots and other gifts

THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN: Elephants in the yard of Addison Road Station on arrival for the opening of the Christmas Circus staged by Bertram Mills and his sons at Olympia. This year they have, as usual, brought together talented performers from every corner of the globe. The hit of the show, however, is undoubtedly the young Lancashire girl lion tamer

TO HOLD BRITAIN'S OCEAN GREYHOUND

Sir Edgar Britten, the newly appointed commander of *Queen Mary*, standing beside one of the vessel's 16-ton anchors. Sir Edgar, who is at present in command of *Berengaria*, began his career in sail in the '90s

"THE BRAVEST DISH IN ALL THE LAND". A chef, standing on a dais in the midst of the guests, carving the boar's head at the annual Boar's Head Banquet held a few days ago by the Worshipful Company of Cutlers, and attended by the Lord Mayor of London, the Sheriffs, and other notabilities

BREAKING UP FOR CHRISTMAS: An animated scene left for home at the end of term, using as convey it will be remembered, was once the residence of

AS THE OLD YEAR PASSES: Home Events in London and the Provinces

DESCENT FROM HIGH PASTURES

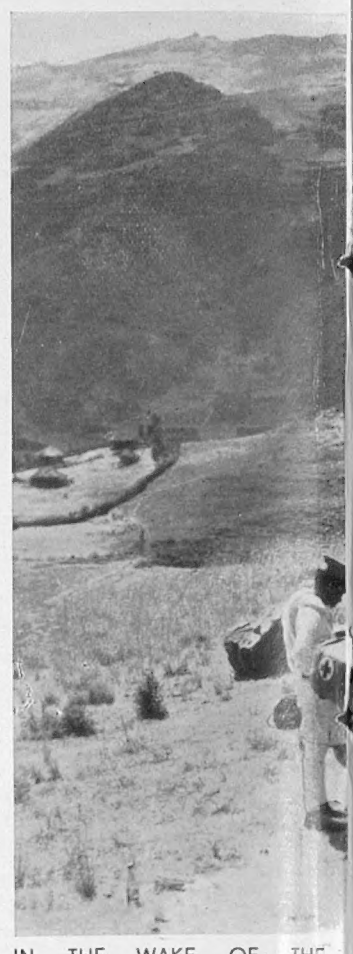
A shepherd bringing his flock down a mountain-side in Argyllshire, where the snow has been so deep that the sheep have been unable to feed and have been in danger of being buried

outside Maiden Erleigh School, near Reading, as the boys ances buses, farm carts, bicycles, and cars. The school, the famous South African diamond magnate, Solly Joel

ROYAL INTEREST IN CHILD WELFARE: The Duchess of Kent watching sun-ray treatment applied to a patient at the St. John Clinic and Institute, Pimlico. The visit was arranged at Her Royal Highness's request, as she was anxious to see something of the work being done for the children of people of moderate means

WAR

COMMEMORATING THE START OF THE ECONOMIC SIEGE: This tablet recording the date when the first League Sanctions were applied against Italy was unveiled last week at the Balilla House, Rome, headquarters of the Fascist Youth movement, and bears the inscription "On November 18, 1935, the world attacked Italy—a perpetual infamy—shame to those who favoured, aided, and carried out the absurd crime." Many prominent members of the Fascist party attended the inaugural ceremony

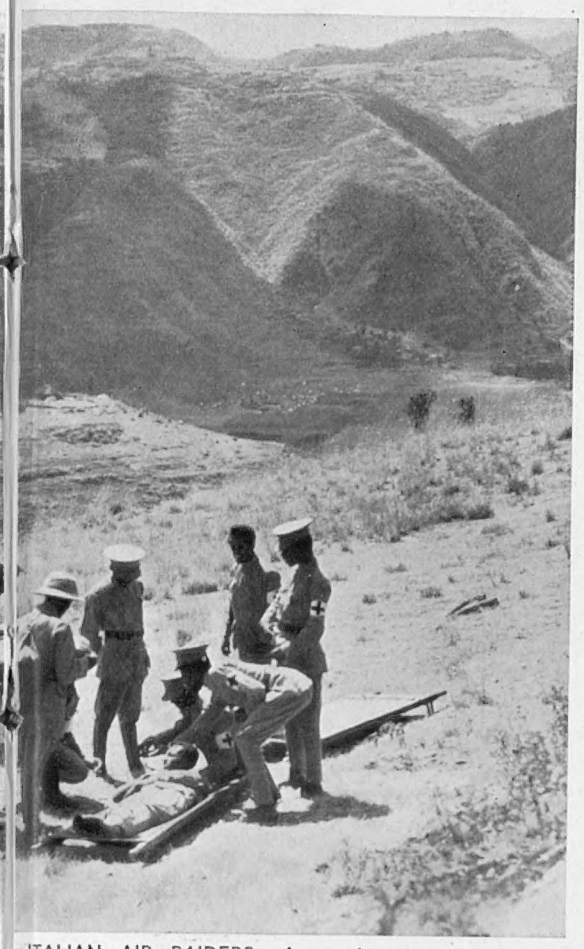


IN THE WAKE OF THE in the hills round Dessie from by Dr. Valentin Schuppler, Barton, wife of Sir

A ROYAL SEND OFF: King Victor Emmanuele in conversation with General Boscardi after inspecting the Blackshirt Legion, "Tevere," which consists largely of volunteer Italians from all parts of the world, and which was about to set out for East Africa. The tall figure towards the right is that of the Prince of Piedmont, the heir to the throne

ANSWERING THE CALL: Men quay as they were about to Italy's invading

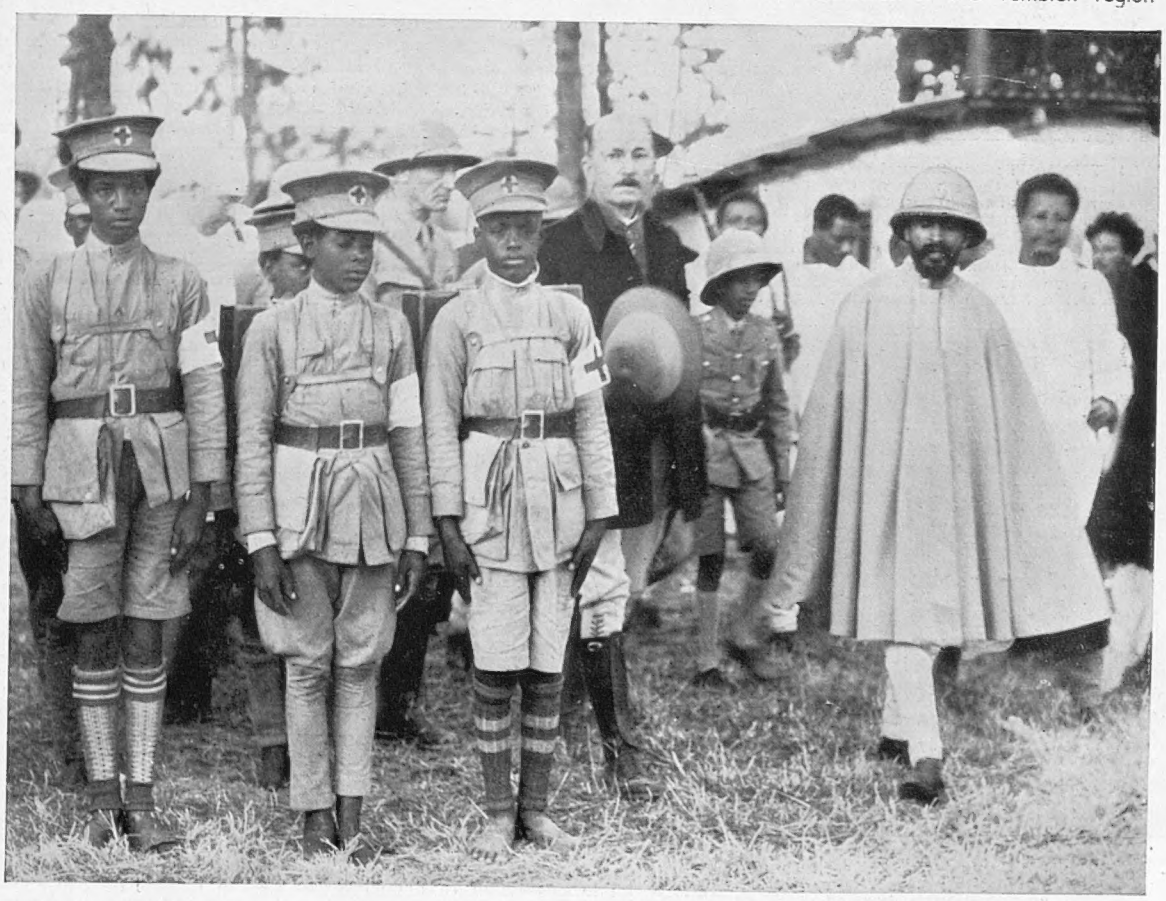
NEWS: Aspects of the Italo-Eihiopian Campaign



ITALIAN AIR-RAIDERS: A casualty receiving attention members of the Red Cross Service which is being run an Austrian, with the financial assistance of Lady Sydney Barton, the British Minister to Addis Ababa

of the Tevere Blackshirt Division seen on a Naples embark for Massawa, Eritrea, to swell the ranks of army which now numbers nearly 300,000

ABYSSINIA ADOPTS EUROPEAN METHODS: While still without an adequate supply of munitions, the Emperor's northern forces are now much better equipped than they were a few months ago, and this field radio station provides an example of the progress that is being made in establishing rapid communication between headquarters and the various armies. It is of particular value in the fastnesses of the Tembien region



PERSONAL CONTACT: Emperor Haile Selassie inspecting a guard of honour of Red Cross workers during his visit to Dessie at the conclusion of his tour of the war zones. It will be remembered that His Majesty had a very narrow escape when Dessie Hospital was bombed by an Italian squadron

SANCTIONS:

Some Facets of the League Dispute in the House of Commons on December 19

LEAVING FOR GENEVA: M. Laval and Mr. Anthony Eden at the Gare de Lyon in Paris. The French Premier's position in view of the uproar over "The Paris Plan" is one of great uncertainty

DEEP IN THOUGHT: Sir Samuel and Lady Hoare in the grounds of their home at Cadogan Gardens following the ex-Foreign Minister's return from the unhappy visit to the Continent—a visit disastrous alike to his immediate future and his person (he injured his nose on the ice). In his resignation speech to the House, Sir Samuel declared that he did not want to go to Paris and disliked the system of a Foreign Minister leaving the country

ALL SMILES: Sir Samuel and Lady Hoare about to leave for the House, where the ex-Minister was accorded a sympathetic hearing and, at the conclusion of his speech, won the cheers of the whole Chamber for his dignified and modest explanation of his attitude. "It almost amounted to a personal triumph" said one eye-witness

ONE of the tensest situations which have occurred in the House of Commons within recent years ended on Thursday evening of last week with a majority for the Government of 232. Sir Samuel Hoare, no longer Foreign Secretary, but a private Member, gave a detailed statement of the origin of the Peace Plan which had met with such a surging wave of criticism. It was full of a passionate conviction of the rectitude of what he had done:—

"For a day and a half M. Laval and I covered the whole field of discussion in great detail.

"And at the end of it we provisionally agreed to putting before my colleagues in the Cabinet the outline that has now appeared in the White Paper.

"It was not a French proposal nor a British proposal.

"Neither M. Laval nor I liked many features of it. It did, however, seem to us to be the only basis upon which it was even remotely likely that we could at least start a peace discussion.

"*It was certainly the minimum basis upon which the French Government were prepared to proceed, and this minimum was only reached after two days of strenuous discussion.*"

"I feared a spark," he added, "that might cause European conflagration." He maintained that not a single State was ready, and that Britain alone had moved ships, men, and 'planes, to be prepared in case of eventualities which might result from the accumulated pressure of Sanctions. He ended by wishing better luck to his successor.

"Then the House cheered. For two full minutes the tribute of admiration pealed. Sir Samuel had touched the heart of a House which, as Sir Austen Chamberlain said later, 'is never ungenerous to its members.'

"The full tragedy came later. Sir Samuel had sat down. Then he showed signs of distress. Tears rolled down his cheeks. Sir Austen Chamberlain, his neighbour, leaned over to him, clearly saying, 'Can I help you?'

"Gently Sir Samuel motioned him away. He walked down the steps to the middle of the floor. Another mighty cheer burst forth. It unmanned the emotionally overwrought Sir Samuel at last.

"He passed, with head downcast, loaded by the kindness of the House, to the Bar and outside.

"As M.P.s made way for him his face was coursed by the tears which would not be stayed."

The Labour Opposition had endeavoured to fix responsibility upon the entire Cabinet, and Mr. Attlee, the Leader of the Labour Party, brought out quite a pungent phrase when describing the terms of the proposal, which he maintained, "were the surrender to the aggressor of half an empire in exchange for a corridor for camels."

An hour after Sir Samuel Hoare's opening words, the Prime Minister himself stood at the despatch box and with the astonishing and disarming candour which ever characterises him, he confessed to an error of judgment in not bringing his Minister home, and pronounced the Italo-Abyssinian peace proposals, negotiated by Sir Samuel Hoare and M. Laval in Paris, "absolutely and completely dead."

Comments on the whole incident which had the saving grace of being very English, were as varied as the points of view with which we are all familiar. One or two we may quote here:—

"We may here be allowed to express our sympathy," writes the *Morning Post*, "with the multitude of people in this country who feel sore, angry, disillusioned and resentful in this present crisis. *They have put their faith in the League of Nations, which has become to them almost a religion.* They have come to regard it as a high court of justice and a substitute for the horrid arbitrament of war. Although we have never been able to share in that conception, we hope we can enter into the feelings of those who have honestly embraced it, and now feel that it has been threatened—or frustrated. But with this natural sense of disillusion running so strong, there is some danger that resentment may obscure reality and give rein to those angry passions which the League was created to allay."

In fact, it was recorded in the daily Press last week that the Archbishop of York, on reaching New York on the s.s. *Bremen*, voiced the opinion that "It may be necessary to have another great and horrible war in order to establish the efficacy of the League of Nations."

Among the ideas regarding possible procedure by the League put forward during the past few days, was a very instructive one which envisaged nothing less than a navy controlled by a League of Nations Commander. The suggestion was of such a nature that a special naval correspondent of THE SPHERE was asked to examine it from a practical naval standpoint, and here follow his comments:

The possession of armed forces by the League of Nations has been mooted more than once. Hitherto, however, suggestions have been confined almost entirely to air forces, coupled with a species of international gendarmerie. Last week, Professor Gilbert Murray, Chairman of the League of Nations Union went one better. At the meeting of the General Council of the League of Nations Union, Professor Murray confessed to a dream of a League of Nations Navy. His actual words were "I should like to see a gunboat of some sort from every member of the League that has one." The force so formed should be utilised, in the view of Professor Murray, to carry out what amounts to military sanctions against Italy.

The ideal of a League of Nations, all concerned only with the maintenance of peace and sworn to the aban-

STEERING HIS WAY THROUGH THE MAZE: The Premier whose candour in the critical debate disarmed the Opposition and won him a full vote of confidence. The Government majority was 232

donment of all self-interest was great in its conception. The possession of armed forces by this body can be considered a development of the ideal as long as such forces are used only for the coercion of a warmongering State outside the framework of the League. The mere existence of such a State within the framework of the League is a confession of the failure of the initial ideal, and it makes the development of the ideal through armed force the more impracticable.

But let us examine the proposal of Professor Murray in regard to the situation with which he proposes the international gunboat force to deal—the present situation in the Mediterranean arising out of Italy's Abyssinian war and the League opposition thereto.

Professor Murray's term "gunboat" is indefinite. A gunboat is one of two things; either a small and lightly-armed vessel used for auxiliary patrol and fishery protection services, or a shallow draught craft designed to operate up rivers. One can hardly credit the chairman of the League of Nations Union with the belief that a collection of craft of either of these categories could arrest Italy's intentions. One must therefore concede that Professor Murray means warships. Let us take it that every member of the League should contribute a warship of the most powerful type available.

The League Navy would then consist of a British battleship, a French battleship, and a collection of small craft from the lesser League States. It must not be forgotten that, of the five great naval Powers of the world, America and Japan are not members of the League, while Italy is the "aggressor."

Italy, however, possesses a considerable and efficient navy, remarkably strong in submarines and torpedo craft. Quite apart from the inefficiency bound to obtain in a heterogeneous collection of craft subject to all the difficulties of varying language, varying tradition, and varying methods of naval manœuvre, the Italian Navy would be strong enough to treat such a "League Navy" as the best of international jokes.

Nor is the question of relative strength and efficiency the only stumbling block. Italy is an immensely strong strategic position in the Mediterranean. Her naval forces are backed by a strong and very efficient air force, and the distances involved will allow this air force to operate over most of the seas concerned. The air may not be a terrible menace to a Navy trained in defence against it, but it would make the position of a polyglot force in the Eastern Mediterranean untenable.

It may be that Professor Murray would operate this League Navy in the Red Sea. In the northern part of the Red Sea it would be immune from attack from the Italian air force, but the difficulties of organisation and suply would be immensely magnified.

The events of the past two years have proved that it is already sufficiently difficult to preserve the ideal of the League of Nations. Professor Murray's suggestion, although undoubtedly born of idealism, could not be carried out at the present time without demonstrating futility—a futility which could not but be identified with the whole structure of the League of Nations.

CHANGING PALESTINE

THE HOLY CITY'S LATEST ACQUISITION: Hoisting the last piece of steel-work to complete the construction of the tower of the new wireless station at Jerusalem. It is expected to be in operation early in the New Year and will broadcast for five hours a day in the three official languages of the country—English, Arabic, and Hebrew. *On right*—A street standard ornamented with an illuminated star—a scene in Bethlehem, where an electric lighting system has just been installed

THE RECENTLY-COMPLETED ARCHÆOLOGICAL MUSEUM: An imposing white building occupying an eminence in the north-east corner of Jerusalem. In the background is part of one of the suburbs that have sprung up outside the old walls

A POPULAR RENDEZVOUS ON THE SHORES OF GALILEE: A new dance hall, restaurant, and swimming pool at Tiberias

LAND GIRLS ON THE PLAIN OF ESDRAELON: Feeding a calf on a dairy farm at Nahalal, one of the many Jewish settlements recently established in various parts of Palestine and where a livelihood is being provided for many immigrants from Europe. There are now 350,000 Jews in the country

NO COUNTRY has of recent years undergone a greater transformation than the little land of Palestine. Indeed, the last decade has witnessed greater changes than have occurred since the beginning of the Christian Era. Formerly an outpost of the East and the inspiration of the West, the Holy Land has now become the meeting-place of both. Modernity is the note one encounters everywhere.

The leading cities of the land—Jerusalem, Haifa, Jaffa, and Tiberias—have been transformed from sleepy old world towns into centres of industrial activity. Outside the ancient ramparts of the Holy City there have arisen flourishing suburban settlements with their spacious boulevards and fine public buildings possessing all the amenities of a western metropolis. One of the problems of Jerusalem has been the need of an efficient water-supply. The recently completed waterworks at Ras-el-Ain, on the Auja River, will ensure an ample supply in the future. At Jaffa they have reconstructed the ancient harbour or shelter, which Solomon used, to enable the port to handle the ever increasing output of the citrus industry. Last season Palestine exported close upon 6,000,000 cases of oranges and 1,000,000 cases of grapefruit.

Close by Jaffa is the Jewish city of Tel-Aviv, to-day the largest city in Palestine. It has a population of 135,000 against Jerusalem's 100,000. It is the home of 400 large and small industries, has an annual international fair, and a budget of £400,000. This note of industrial activity may be witnessed at Tiberias and Haifa. The latter port now boasts of a modern harbour, and is the terminus of the pipe-line from the oil-fields of Iraq. Scattered throughout the land are the Jewish agricultural settlements, some 169 of them. They have demonstrated in no unmistakable way the agricultural possibilities of this sacred land. Indeed, the industrial transformation is largely due to Jewish initiative. There are now 350,000 Jews in the country, and the amount of capital which they have sunk totals no less than £105,000,000.

H. J. S.

PERSONALITIES OF 1935

People in the Limelight of World Affairs During the Past Twelve Months

By FERDINAND TUOHY

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS A KING: His Majesty George V whose Silver Jubilee focussed the attention of the world on Britain and her much beloved Royal Family

SUCH was the selection for 1934, as printed in these pages a year ago.

"Very interesting," came a subsequent letter, "but are these the *real* people of the year? The most spectacular—maybe!" But did there not exist (continued this critic) people doing scientific and humanitarian work, inventors, thinkers, explorers, artistic and spiritual forces, pioneers in various fields, that were habitually overlooked in compendiums of this nature? The reply was that this article dealt with personalities most striking the imagination of the world. "But," I added, "I shall forward next year's list before publication so that you may make the additions, bearing on 1935, that you suggest have been overlooked for 1934."

This was done, and the sequel is the following card:—

"Carry on. I do not agree with several names you have chosen but it *is* difficult, I'll admit, to put forward substitutes. It would have to be another sort of article."

One takes leave to record the foregoing inasmuch as it is agreed that any annual scanning of this description must be not only controversial but patently lacking in 100 per cent. correctness and justness. For instance, the tendency to view matters excessively from one's own country's standpoint has to be fought all the time. Again, people who loom in the second half of the year are apt to blot out earlier personalities. And there are other snags.

Having said which, it is a pleasure to be able to begin once again with the British Royal House and without false striving. What happened over the Jubilee leaves no option but to nominate King George and Queen Mary among the personalities of 1935. If any mortals struck the imagination of the world, Their Majesties did. Through their persons the eyes of the sentient universe became focussed upon this country and upon the quite unexpected phenomenon of this dark and troubled period that proceeded to be here enacted. Nor need more be said, save perhaps just this: that the high point for one individual at least was reading how audiences in American theatres cheered pictures of their Majesties and rose to "God Save the King." There is a great deal in Anglo-American relations that has not yet been explored.

Next, the Negus. When the rue de la Paix decides to turn out models and head-trimmings (impossible to call them hats any longer), based on a living man, how in the celestial regions to omit him from a list like this? An Emperor of Ethiopia addressing us in French from his African mountains, talking to America, giving us direct from his own lips how he regards what is happening in his invaded country. Much more than that—telling us whites, indirectly, where we get off in the matter of our much-vaunted civilisation. Perhaps not so indirectly, either. And never mind how much he's being coached! A dusky African monarch, descendant of Sheba, as the first to interpret according to the strict book of words, and under sternest trial, the one ray vouchsafed by the war—the League of Nations!

So, of course, to Mussolini who has straddled the year much as Hitler did the preceding one. The intensely dramatic attempt at Caesarism twenty hundred years after has held us all. "An astonishing genius, but always alone." So may write history. One can see this man all these years burning the midnight oil, reading, studying, absorbing every blessed thing he could about others, about the past, its teachings. Yet however tremendous the brain and the concentration, deception will come if one be alone, always alone. The Duce's almost total lack of travel, of direct contact with other peoples, has never been corrected by his receiving the informative and important of the earth in Rome. Such visitors may have transmitted direct from the horse's mouth, yet did any one of them as much as hint what might be Labour's attitude in this country if Italy violated her many treaty signatures? Imponderables! Imponderables! How right was Bismarck.

In France, I should have said two names had dominated the year, Laval and de la Roque. But seemingly I'm all wrong because the new "Almanach Hachette" gives the following as the most important men of the year (apparently outside France as well): Aloisi, the diplomatist; Bellesort, the poet; Couzinet, the aeroplane constructor; Dangeard, the botanist; David-Weill and Denis, the painters; Claude Farrère, the novelist; Gomien, the advocate; Karageorgevitch, the statesman; Lumière, the scientist; Mermoz, the flyer; Perrin, the chemist; and Pirandello, the dramatist.

So you see how tricky this kind of article can be. Still, I'm going to stick to Laval and de la

TO WHOM A NATION RALLIED: Emperor Haile Selassie whose powers of leadership have been so amply demonstrated of recent months

Roque, whose League, by the way, is translated "Cross Under Fire," not "Fiery Cross." The pioneers all held the Croix de Guerre won in the field. We shall have to wait upon the future to know if these two leading personalities of 1935 should by rights be merged into "Lavalroque." The future must tell, too, to what degree such a dual personage may have been tempted to line up with the undoubtedly big movement among the French Right and the "intellectuals" to throw off what is termed "Anglo-Saxon tutelage (England—U.S.)," which has only spelt moral and material ill to France ever since the Armistice, and to substitute a policy of a threefold Fascist Bloc, Hitler, Mussolini, "Lavalroque," standing back to back firmly across the Continent. Many things could be solved that way, claim powerful French forces. France could retain what she holds, Germany could expand East, and Italy Africawards . . .

Regarding the Colonel, he lacks magnetism, appearance, speaking power, but is a fine organiser, as shown by his lightning secret mobilisations. He is married with five growing children, and he left the Service, in Morocco, rather early. He has been greatly aided by the current state of France where most things have gone wrong except the armed forces. Stagnation, privilege brazenly parading, all forms of morality at a low ebb, Hitler hypnotising, national policy resembling the dancing of a disordered compass, *citoyens* seldom out of touch with a weapon, hoarding and deflation being practised to an incredibly self-damaging degree.

From Belgium two candidates, one holding only sorrow and grief, but the other the ray of promise.

On August 29 I came down to lunch at Le Zoute to find women and girls sobbing round the wireless. Men looked away, little children stared at their elders. The news bulletins from Lucerne were coming through, and the thought renewed itself: what a terrific force is this wireless! There could never have been such emotion in the past, however much a queen might have been loved. The news would have percolated gradually. But here, and all over Belgium, was utter community of emotion, and every Belgian was at that moment aware of the fact. I shall write no more of Queen Astrid, beyond echoing the cry of the returning King as he met his chief Ministers in the train, at Arlon. "*Nous étions si heureux, si heureux!*"

The scene brightens with M. van Zeeland, the forty-three-year-old Premier who passed from a bank to taking on the bitter business of devaluation, and has so far made a success of it. Nine months after his advent the vast bulk of Belgians still support him. From this newcomer emanate faith and hope.

Sport a year ago provided a liberal choice. It is not the same tale this year. Helen Wills came back, and Lawson Little dazzled, but mention such things to the average foreigner—he would be puzzled indeed. Jean Batten, 61 hrs. solo to South America, is another matter. No doubt the feminine high light of the year. And yet, with aviation, 1935 may well be longest associated with the passing of Kingsford Smith, for did not Lindbergh once say that "Smithy" was the greatest flyer the world has known? Lindbergh's words might well be checked with a view to putting them on the memorial it is proposed to erect in Australia.

The chief name in sport that occurs is that of Joe Louis, the twenty-one-year-old budding negro batterer of Baer and Carnera, who, Dempsey avers, will be heavyweight champion of the world for the next ten years. So Joe should be quite a personality.

A second American citizen warrants inclusion in the shape, the very odd shape, of the murdered Huey Long, Kingfish Dictator of Louisana and, had he lived, probably a serious menace as presidential candidate next November. Long is still being incessantly debated in the U.S., and will be for many a day, not because of any worth he may have had, in a perverse way, not because of the threat he held as conceivable first American Dictator, but as a social throw-up in whose advent many thinking Americans see mirrored the worst failings of American democracy. Long is dead but Longism lives on and must be eradicated by curing as many as possible of the human ills and injustices upon which the Kingfish traded. Else a new Kingfish will arise, so amazingly successful was the first in mounting to absolute power in the easiest way: upon a sea of corruption, gangsterism, and demagogy of heroic magnitude.

A third American one bows to. Will Rogers has been voted the greatest common American since

(Continued on p. 524)

APOSTLE OF IMPERIALISM: Signor Mussolini "who has held us all," says Mr. Ferdinand Tuohy, "by his intensely dramatic attempt at Caesarism twenty hundred years after"

The Patriotic Fervour of the Abyssinian

AT THE SERVICE OF HIS EMPEROR: A striking study of an Ethiopian warrior taken in the courtyard of the Royal Palace at Addis Ababa during a rally held in the presence of Haile Selassie. The fanatical look in the man's eyes testifies to his readiness to go to any lengths to defend his country

DEMONSTRATING THEIR LOYALTY: Another scene in the courtyard of the palace at Addis Ababa where of recent months tens of thousands of men have come to greet their Emperor prior to leaving for the war

On right—JOY AT THE PROSPECT OF ACTION: Troops of Ras Kassa's northern army give vent to their feelings on hearing their orders to advance. Their skill as warriors is equalled only by their intense patriotism, a quality which, as Sir Thomas Comyn-Platt indicates in his new book, *The Abyssinian Storm*, is inherent in nearly all His Majesty's subjects whatever their race, rank, or circumstances

LONDON

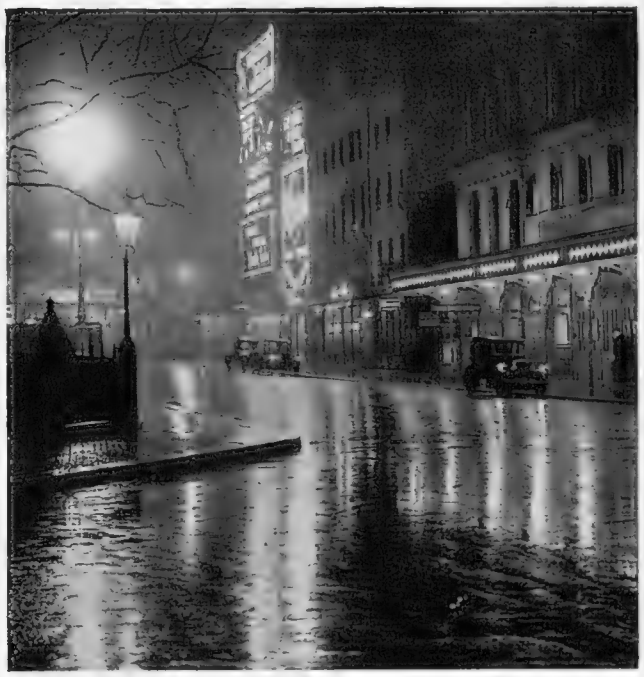
MINISTERIAL INDUSTRY

The office lights of Whitehall mirrored on St. James's Park Lake

SHOPPERS' PARADISE: Christmas ridges and contributing to the

LITTLE BUT IMPORTANT

The tiny thoroughfare that leads to the Savoy Hotel



Light and shadow in Leicester Square on a wet night

REFLECTIONS IN THE RAIN

THROBBING HEART OF THE METROPOLIS

BY NIGHT

trees adorning the facade of Self- seasonable gaiety of Oxford Street

Marble Arch dominated by the floodlit Cumberland Hotel

TYBURN TO-DAY

A varied assortment of vehicles drawn up behind the outstretched arm of the law

LONDON TRANSPORT

Special "Sphere" pictures

Gaily illuminated windows that impel the Christmas shopper to dig still deeper into his pocket

CHRISTMAS IN A MAN-O'-WAR

How the Sailors on a Foreign Station Spend the Great Day

LIBERTY MEN: Falling-in to go ashore on Christmas Day

WHILE snug family parties at home are eating their Christmas dinners, the sailor on a Foreign Station, away from relations and friends, spends a very different kind of day.

But Christmas means a lot to him, and from the moment the great day dawns, the British Navy wears a festive air.

Each individual ship reveals the Christmas spirit, for after sunset on Christmas Eve a party of sailors swarms aloft and carefully fixes the Yule-tide greenery to the masts and yards in readiness for Christmas morning.

In the Mediterranean, December 25 is invariably fine and sunny, so it is easy to imagine the gay appearance of the harbours, full of pale grey ships glinting silvery-white in the sunshine, and flaunting their Christmas decorations.

Even on Christmas Day cleaning has to be done in the Navy, but on such a day and with such a will behind the work, a quick clean-up before breakfast is usually sufficient to make things ship-shape. Once that is done, work is over for the day.

After breakfast come divisions (so-called because the sailors "fall in" according to the divisions into which they are organised). The captain walks up and down the ranks, and as a rule it is a sad day for Able Seaman Smith if his cap is dirty, or for Stoker Jones if he has forgotten to shine his boots.

But on Christmas Day divisions go off with a swing, and are quickly followed by Church.

Divine Service, held on deck, is brief and energetic. Carols and hymns are sung with gusto, and in a small harbour where many ships are berthed a strange intermingling of familiar Christmas airs can be heard from the shore.

At about ten o'clock the men are free to make final preparations for the captain's Christmas Day "rounds," at which the officers' wives are invited to be present.

On an ordinary Sunday the captain's rounds are fraught with all kinds of momentous possibilities. Cleanliness is very close to godliness in the Navy, and if the cook's hair is too long or his white coat not spotlessly clean he will hear of it as the captain passes through the galley. Even the interiors of the humble ship's teapots may be examined, and if there is any sign of tannin there is trouble for someone! No housewife inspects her kitchens more thoroughly than the captain of a British warship, nor is any woman more house-proud.

But there is none of this on Christmas Day.

At about 11-30 the ship's motor-boat may be sighted with its load of wives dressed in their Christmas best. Word is quickly passed round, and by the time the boat is alongside, there is a strangely assorted collection waiting at the top of the gangway to receive the visitors, and facetiously "piping the side,"

The ceremony of "piping the side" is a form of salute played on a small pipe known as the "bo's'n's call." The honour of this salute is only allowed to certain important people, so that its rendering in these circumstances creates a good deal of amusement for those on board, while passing completely over the heads of the visitors so honoured.

At the top of the gangway is collected what is popularly called "the Funny Party." This consists of a number of young sailors dressed in their seniors' clothes—able seamen masquerading as the coxswain, chief bo's'n's mate ("the buffer"), and other important members of the ship's company—and various odd fellows clad respectively in tight plus-fours and a bowler hat, a strange conglomeration of women's garments, and even an ordinary sailor suit several sizes too large, padded with bolsters and other stuffing.

"PIPING DOWN": The boatswain's mate gives the word to finish work for the day—a Christmas morning scene on H.M.S. *Rodney*. The sound of his whistle is broadcast through loud-speakers placed in various parts of the ship

Then "rounds" begin. Through mess-deck after mess-deck the procession trails—officers, wives, and "funny party"—to be received with great courtesy by the members of each mess.

Every mess-deck is gaily decorated with paper streamers, flags, crackers, and greenery, with all the tokens of Christmas laid out on the tables.

Preparations for this have been in hand for weeks. No extra Christmas ration is allowed the sailors, but careful saving in advance enables canteens and other funds to allot a few extra shillings to each man. This is spent on turkeys, sweetmeats, paper decorations, and other Christmas fare. No beer is bought, because no drink of any kind other than the normal rum-ration is allowed on board in the sailors' messes even on Christmas Day.

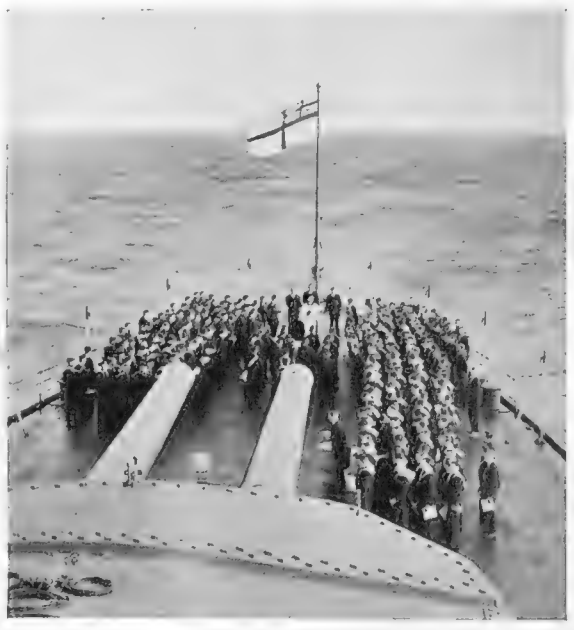
There are innumerable Christmas cakes in each mess, some sent from home, some bought, most prepared by hand on board. (Iced cakes and plum puddings are made galore by hundreds with no official status as cooks, and as much importance attached to "stirring for luck" as in any household at home.) In addition the eye is positively dazzled by countless dishes of fruit, biscuits, sweets, nuts, cigarettes, cigars, scores of Christmas cards, and photographs of wives and sweethearts—all to be tasted, looked at, and admired.

Up and down the ladders, leading from mess to mess, the visitors climb, searching for the happy phrase of admiration and congratulation, especially for the pictures of Petty Officer Green's best girl, and the latest addition to the family of Leading Telegraphist Brown.

Finally the wives and visitors are conducted down to the ward-room, as guests of the officers, there to enjoy some well-earned champagne. The petty officers are invited too, and discipline is relaxed while officers and men drink each others' health.

At length savoury smells of turkey remind the visitors that it is time to go ashore and leave the sailors to celebrate the rest of their well-earned holiday. For, unlike the lucky folks at home, Christmas for our sailors abroad lasts only for one day. Decorations are removed after sunset, and before the next day dawns all signs of Christmas have disappeared.

Jean Gordon



On right—DIVINE SERVICE: Sunday morning on H.M.S. *Hood*, the giant 41,000-ton battle cruiser

The Gaekwar's Jubilee

The Ruler of Baroda Celebrates the Sixtieth Year of His Enlightened Reign

HIS Highness Sir Sayaji Rao, Gaekwar, the Maharajah of Baroda, will celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of his reign this year. He has been longer on the throne than any other Indian prince, perhaps longer than any other crowned head in the world to-day.

The Baroda State, which is situated in the province of Gujerat and Kathiawar in Western India, has an area of 8,164 square miles and an annual revenue of 2,49,43,000 rupees. It is not very old as far as Indian States go: it was carved out from the body of the Moghul Empire by the first Gaekwar in the eighteenth century. Although his State is not so large as that of some other princes the Gaekwar, in point of rank, is second among Indian princes, only below the Nizam of Hyderabad.

The Gaekwar's life has been a romance, a story culled as it were from a fairy-tale book. He is not the son nor even a near relation of the late Gaekwar, Mulhar Rao, but a distant and not too affluent relation of his, who was living in a small village in the far Deccan. He had, therefore, no reason to hope that he would ever occupy the throne of Baroda.

But Fate had decreed that he would. Mulhar Rao was far from being an ideal ruler: in fact, he was a tyrant of the very worst kind under whom neither life nor property was safe. The British Government, in accordance with its policy of non-intervention in the internal affairs of Indian States, did not do anything to check the excesses of Mulhar Rao, although complaints from the Gaekwar's subjects poured ceaselessly into the British Residency at Baroda. But at last things became so bad that it was obliged to intervene and depose him.

Who was now to succeed the deposed ruler? For various reasons the British Government did not think it advisable to offer the throne to the sons or the near relatives of Mulhar Rao. It thought of trying a distant relative. Sayaji Rao had two brothers, one older and the other younger than himself. Of these three brothers the British Government selected Sayaji Rao, because, even at the early age of 12, he showed unusual intelligence and strength of character. And so one day in 1875, from an obscure village in the Deccan, Sayaji Rao found himself transported to the proud throne of Baroda.

During the sixty years that Sir Sayaji Rao has ruled Baroda he has transformed a medieval into a modern State. In 1875 the city of Baroda was small, with a population of 40,000 souls, and possessed no public buildings or anything else of any note. To-day it is a large city with a population of 120,000, and possesses several magnificent marble palaces, fine Government buildings, a public park, an art gallery, and one of the largest and most up-to-date libraries in India. Primary education has been made compulsory for both sexes in the State. A law giving votes to women was passed ten years before women were enfranchised in Great Britain. The Gaekwar has also had several Untouchables educated at State expense, one of whom, Dr. Abedkar, came to London in 1930–31 to represent his community at the first and second sittings of the Round Table Conference. Laws have also been passed in the State to allow widows to remarry and men and women of different castes and creeds to intermarry.

The Gaekwar is a statesman of a high order. As taught by Mr. F. A. H. Elliot, the English tutor of his childhood, he had always worked in harmony with the British Government and at the same time upheld the rights of the Indian Princes as guaranteed by the East India Company.

The Gaekwar is one of the richest men in the world and possesses treasures which remind one of Aladdin's cave. Among these treasures is a pearl necklace worth fifty lacs of rupees (about £400,000). Then there is a diamond necklace worth thirty-five lacs of rupees; one of the stones in this necklace, called "The Star of the South" weighs 125 carats (formerly it weighed 254 carats) and is considered to be the ninth largest diamond in the world. It originally formed part of the famous Koh-i-Noor, which is now in the possession of the Royal Family of England.

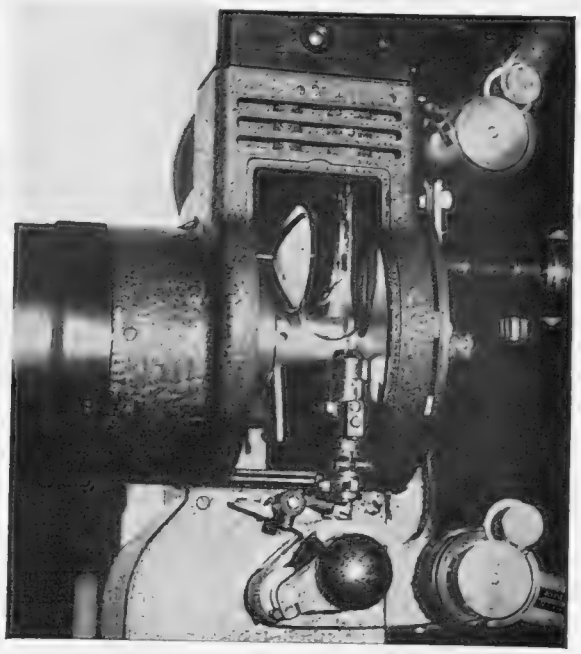
And yet in spite of all his wealth Sir Sayaji Rao has remained a simple man. Often in Baroda you see him going about on foot and talking to the humblest of his subjects. And once when he was going through the city incognito *à la* Harun Al Rashid he saw a poor invalid begging for alms; he gave him a hundred-rupee note, a sum which, perhaps, no mendicant had ever received in India before.

V. B. Metta

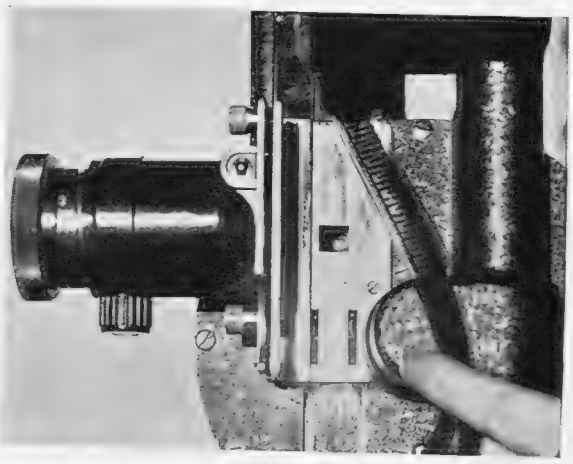
MATTERS MECHANICAL

The Automatic Cheque Writer, the "Delmag Frog," and Other Interesting Devices

AN INNOVATION IN THE ENTERTAINMENT WORLD: This 16 mm. cinematograph projector has recently been introduced in this country from France, and is stated to be not only as effective as the standard size of projector, but to be so made that it is interchangeable for the two technical sound systems. The machine can be run at silent or sound speeds, and at a distance of 75 ft. throws an image 10 ft. by 7 ft. 5 in.



INTRICATE MECHANISM: Two further views of the new 16 mm. cinematograph projector showing (*above*) the reflector, lamp, and photo-electric cell, and (*below*) how the film passes through the machine when adapted for one of the two sound track systems, D.I.N. or S.M.P.E. The whole apparatus costs about £125, but when it is eventually made in this country it will be cheaper



LABOUR-SAVING IN INDUSTRY: *Left*—This apparatus, which was recently demonstrated at the White City and which has the approval of banking authorities, will save the director of a large concern many hours a year, for instead of putting his name to countless cheques he signs it only once on a name-plate. This is then placed in the machine and the cheques are immediately over-printed at high speed. *Right*—The "Delmag Frog," a mechanical road ram which jumps fifty times a minute and brings down a weight of 500 kgs.

A CURIOSITY OF ENGINEERING: A new circular type of gasometer is known as the Booster Vessell, which has just been built on Canvey Island, Essex, to hold high pressure gas. It weighs over 200 tons, and rests on four concrete piles, each driven down 24 ft. *On left*—Anti-aircraft gunners in action against low-flying 'planes during Air Force manœuvres in France

The United States of the Danube

The Great Dream of Dr. Benes

CZECHOSLOVAKIA—most Western, democratic, and progressive of the Succession States—has so far weathered the storms, political and economic, which have swept over her neighbours in Central Europe.

This is due in great measure to the tremendous moral influence of that Grand Old Man of Czech national emancipation, ex-President Masaryk, and to the political sagacity of Dr. Benes as Foreign Minister. But it is no less due to the sturdy attachment to liberty which characterises the Czech people as a nation.

Nevertheless, Czechoslovakia is now faced with a problem which, if it does not present any immediate menace to her national integrity, bids fair in the event of certain external developments to become an active danger in the future. I refer to the emergence amongst the Bohemian or "Sudeten" Germans of Czechoslovakia of the new political party, Nazi in all but name, and taking its orders from Germany, known as the *Sudetendeutschen Heimatfront*, under the leadership of Herr Konrad Henlein.

The weakness of the Heimatfront is that, although German nationalist and Nazi, it is nevertheless composed of a variety of social and economic elements which in economic questions have similar interests to their Czech counterparts. Thus the very democracy of Czechoslovakia is her safeguard against the German nationalist and Nazi aspirations.

But in the event of the German Nazis succeeding in bringing about some kind of union between Germany and Austria it is not difficult to conceive the Sudeten Germans of the Heimatfront playing the role of a Germanic Wooden Horse of Troy inside Czechoslovakia. Herein lies the real danger to Czechoslovakia. The Nazification of Austria, next door, and of the German-speaking part of Bohemia, within, would reduce Czechoslovak independence from a substance to a shadow. For Czechoslovakia, like Austria, lies across the path of the threatened new German *Drang nach Osten* (push to the East).

Hence the Czechoslovak Government rightly regards the preservation of Austrian independence to be at once a matter of Czechoslovakia's own security, and a question upon which may depend the issues of peace and war in Europe.

Dr. Benes has a plan for preventing this German expansionism. His idea, as he explained it to me, is that while retaining their political individuality and independence, the various nations of the Danubian Basin should endeavour to work out amongst themselves a system of economic co-operation and political appeasement. Thus a virtually new great Power would arise in Danubian Europe which would be economically sound within; and, at the same time a barrier against political pressure or aggression from without.

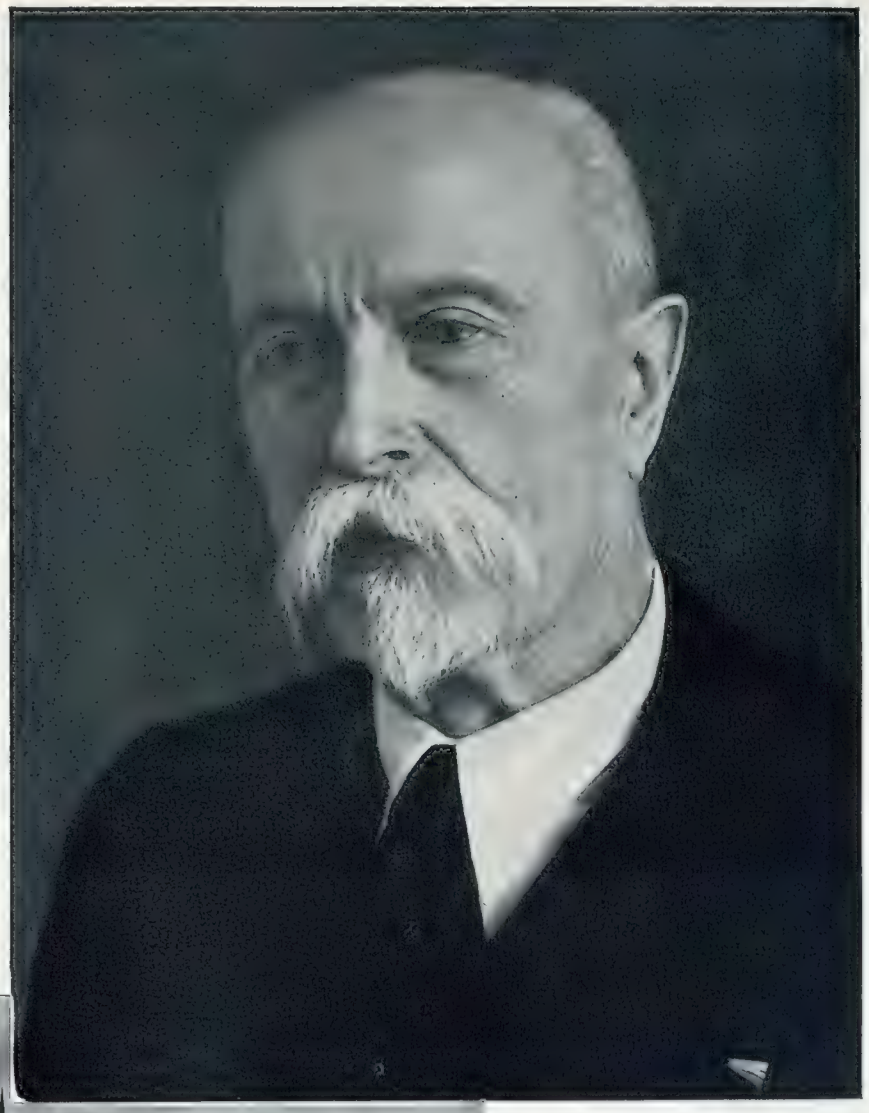
At the moment this may seem to be a Utopian dream. But Dr. Benes is no Utopian. He is the most adroit of statesmen, and a representative member of an eminently practical race. In the course of time the march of events may well show that the "Benes Plan" is the only practical solution of the Danubian problem.

Dr. Benes expresses the sentiments of his countrymen, with their memories of their but recent emancipation from Habsburg domination, when, in company with his Yugoslav and Rumanian partners in the Little Entente, he declares in favour of the *status quo*, and against a Habsburg restoration. Nevertheless there is no doubt that Czechoslovakia has a better and a more sympathetic understanding of the Austrian problem than many of Austria's neighbours.

This, together with the objectivity of Dr, Benes' statesmanship, was brought home to me when, in Prague recently, he explained, regarding the proposed Danubian Pact of Non-Interference, that "the man best qualified to judge what is and is not interference in Austria's affairs, is Austria's own Chancellor, Dr. Schuschnigg."

Czechoslovakia is calm and confident, but naturally takes defensive measures against eventualities. Hence her new treaties of mutual assistance with France and Russia, and her promotion of the Danubian Pact, as counter-poise to the German menace.

C. F. Melville



CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S GRAND OLD MAN: Professor T. G. Masaryk who, on the ground of ill-health, has resigned from the Presidency of the Republic, an office he has held with distinction since 1918. He is now in his eighty-sixth year

ON THE BANKS OF THE MOLDAU: A striking view of Prague, the old-world Czechoslovakian capital

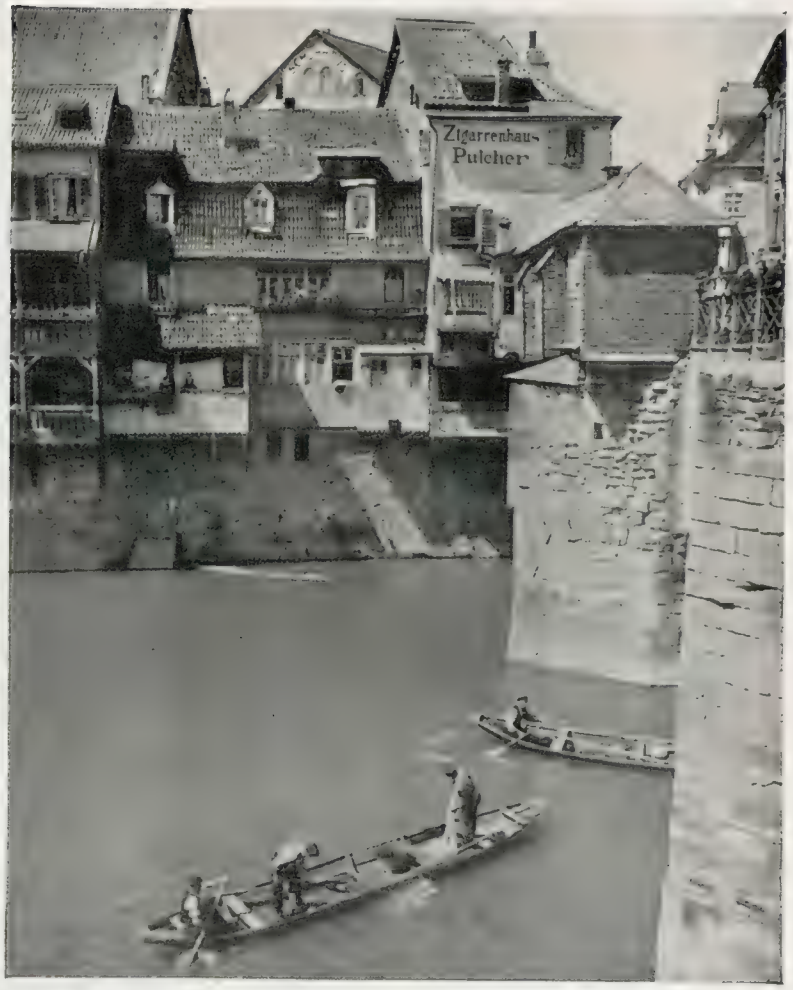
AT THE HELM OF STATE: Dr. Benes, Czechoslovakia's astute Foreign Minister, who has assumed the Presidency on the recommendation of M. Masaryk. He was the prime-mover in the formation of the Little Entente

THE DRAINAGE BASIN OF THE DANUBE: Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and Rumania, the five countries which Dr. Benes dreams may one day be united in their aims and, while retaining their individuality, may prove a tremendous factor for peace in Europe

MEDIEVAL KREUZNACH

Fishing in a Picturesque Old Town of the Prussian Province of the Rhineland

IN THE SHADOW OF THE OLD BRIDGE: Fishermen of Kreuznach throwing out their nets, an operation demanding considerable dexterity as they use only small boats which might easily upset. The bridge, with its somewhat top-heavy looking dwellings built on the piers, helps to create a typically medieval atmosphere



ON THE WATERS OF THE NAHE: Fishing beneath the old balconied houses which overlook the river where it runs through the heart of the town on its way to join the Rhine at Bingen, some nine miles distant. Kreuznach is now well known for its mineral springs, which were discovered in the sixteenth century and are said to be beneficial to skin diseases, but even in Roman times, when it was called Cruciniacum, it was quite a large military centre, while later it gained importance from the fact that it was a residence of the Frankish kings. By reason of its numerous waterways not a few enthusiastic tourists have chosen to compare it with Venice and, though this may be hardly justified, the town is undoubtedly one of the most picturesque in Western Germany

GRAND-STAND

Sightseers watching from the bridge as a net falls flat on the water in the approved manner, and then very gradually begins to sink

UNDERNEATH THE ARCHES: A fisherman throwing his net out on the Nahe

THE TURN OF THE YEAR

Farm and Countryside in Late December

SUNRISE OVER THE MISTY MARSHES

A Turneresque camera study taken on a December morning near the River Colne in the Essex lowlands

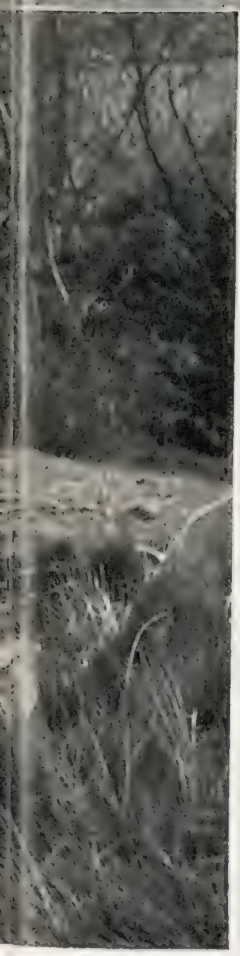
GRUBBING FOR ROOTS

Two sows and their offspring in a domestic scene in a corner of one of the home pastures

A sturdy team—five of them greys — hauling newly felled timber on a Herefordshire farm

Joan Lyne

LOGGING ON THE UPLAND PASTURES



The geese, frequenters of the muddiest part of the farm, await the arrival of a meal

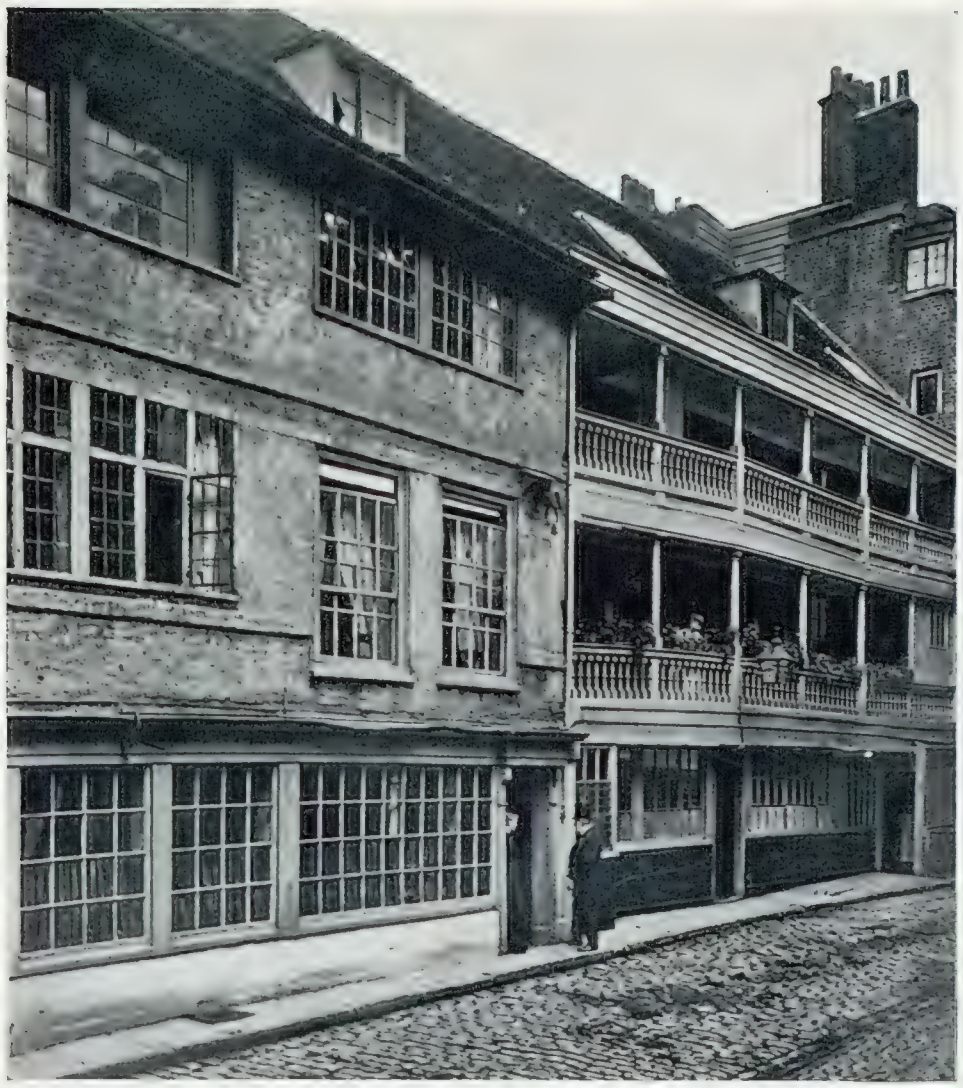
SURVIVORS OF CHRISTMAS

DUNLOP FORT '90
XMS 35
DUNLOP FORT '90
GREETINGS
C.F.H.

THE GEORGE INN

Celebrates Christmas

London's only galleried coaching inn, situated in the Borough High Street, Southwark, made preparations to celebrate Christmastide in traditional manner. On these pages are given the results of researches into the history of the inn and a record of the appearance of some of its rooms as now revealed by its new host



THE GALLERIES OF THE GEORGE INN: The south face of the George courtyard remains unaltered but for a few very minor details. This early photograph, preserved in the British Museum, shows the galleries, the main doorway, at which the top-hatted figure is standing, and the many-paned windows of the coffee-room just as they are to-day

SPECIAL Christmas festivities, it was announced, were to take place at the old George Inn, Southwark, for the first time, probably, for many a long year. This sign of renewed life is due to the new management which has taken over this ancient hostelry in succession to the late Miss Murray, who for many years was hostess of the "George." Its seventeenth century galleried façade and its cheery coffee room have been well known to Dickensian societies and to the group of hop factors who for many decades have patronized the appetizing "ordinary" at lunch time.

For those who have never penetrated the cobbled High Street of the Borough, it may be briefly stated that the

A PICTURE MAP OF "LONG SOUTHWARK": The George was one of twenty-three inns which faced "Long Southwark," a thoroughfare which led southwards to Kent and the coast. The inns were all on the east or Tooley Street side of the way, standing in many cases cheek to jowl

"George" is the only galleried coaching inn left out of the scores of inns which once served the Metropolis in pre-railroad days, and only a portion of this once busy and capacious inn now remains to charm the eye. But thanks to the London and North Eastern Railway, the owners of the property, this portion does remain and is likely to continue for an indefinite period. The company is desirous that the inn should continue as a worthy relic of a past period of London's history and in the newly selected tenant have a host who is thoroughly in accord with the traditions of old-time hospitality so beloved by Dr. Johnson and Charles Dickens.

During the past few months many Victorian excrescences have been removed, and by judicious cleansing and furbishing the rooms of the George are taking on an added attraction. The virtues of the coffee room have been known to many admirers both by personal experience and by several drawings by various hands, but hitherto the charm of the upper sitting-room has been veiled from the eye. After the removal of numerous coats of paint and other features, this room now appears as a delightful late seventeenth century apartment, with a corner cupboard and other contemporary details. To reach it one clatters up a curving wooden staircase on to the first gallery level. A door on the right admits to the sitting-room, and also to bedrooms which lead from one to another without an enclosed passage. To the left are other bedrooms which open directly on to the first gallery.

On the ground floor, the one-time kitchen has been converted into a lounge with open-chimney fire, wheel-back chairs, and ancient furniture in keeping with the massive constructional beams. All the windows of all the rooms are of unblemished antiquity.

To stand outside when dusk has fallen and the lights are shining from these many-paned windows is to be greeted with a scene of great joy to the lover of antiquity. The pillars and balusters of the galleries have the authentic Dickensian air and

THE DISTRICT IN WHICH THE GEORGE STANDS: This portion of an old pictorial view of London (sixteenth century) shows Southwark, St. Mary Overy, and old London Bridge with the houses upon it. The houses stood until the eighteenth century, so many a passenger must have come over the old bridge to the George when setting out for Kent and the coast

the fact that the inner part of the courtyard is of recent origin is hidden from view. How extensive this courtyard once was, is now revealed by the publication of a plan which forms part of the deeds possessed by the L.N.E.R. Company, and it is by their courtesy that it is here reproduced in only slightly reduced facsimile. At a glance one sees how capacious these old inns were.

The domestic portion in the case of the George, lay to the left and right, with living rooms on the ground floors and numerous bedrooms above. But it is beyond that the real surprise comes. Block after block of the great

(*Continued on p. 510*)

IN THE COURTYARD OF THE GEORGE INN: In this drawing by Thos. R. Way, made in the latter part of the past century, the long southern face of the inn is well shown. The open galleries only extend for a short distance; then there appear the long low windows of the ground floor and windows of several bedrooms above. In these there are still some fine eighteenth-century four-poster bedsteads

LONDON'S ONLY GALLERIED INN

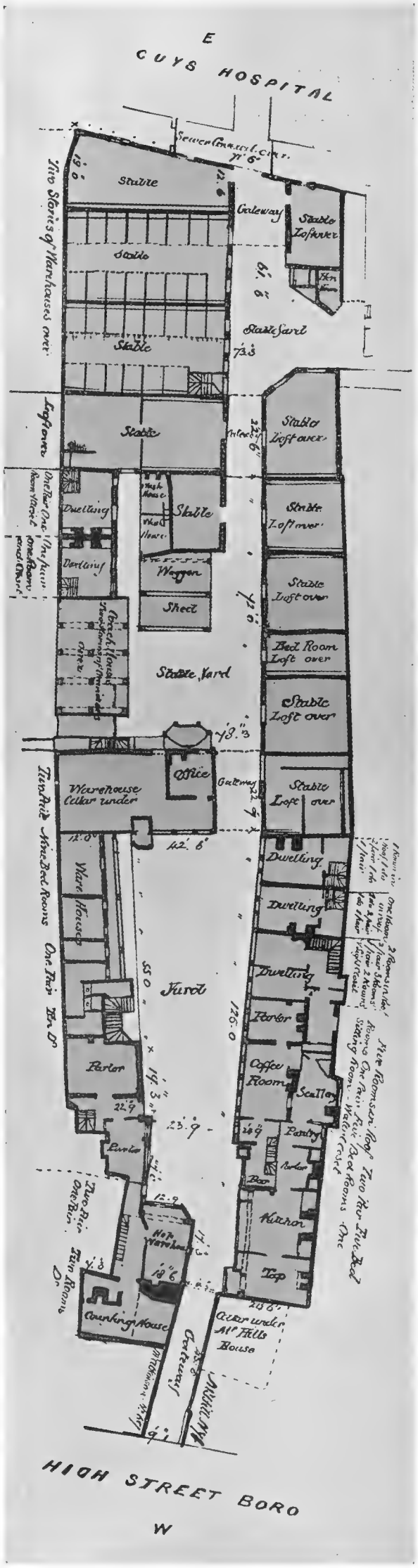
A Description of the George, Southwark, Continued from Preceding Page

Drawn by Percy Home

THE COFFEE-ROOM OF THE GEORGE: With high-backed mahogany seats, an eighteenth-century Parliamentary clock, and a cheery coal fire it is easy to glide back into the past and at the same time be able to enjoy in the present an excellent ordinary at lunch time

series of buildings, houses, coaches, horses and ostlers. There was a big gateway shutting off the farther portion of the inn from what must have been the passenger courtyard. We trust that the reader will examine the details of this plan and pass in imagination through its cobbled recesses until he reaches the second and rear gateway of the inn. He will be a wise man if he visits the "George" of to-day and sits pondering the history of the inn within its cheery lounge or tap-room if he prefers it. All the rooms are equally stimulating to the historic sense.

He will hear Dr. Johnson murmur to him. "Sir, there is nothing which has been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn," and he will learn that Southwark, in the coaching days, was a place of many inns, over a score at one time, and some of them were large enough



A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PLAN OF THE GEORGE: By the courtesy of the L.N.E.R., owners of the property, we are enabled to reproduce this plan of the inn which shows it as it was in its prime, extending back to what seems an incredible length. This plan is actually dated 1849 and is part of an indenture made between the seven owners of the inn and the president and governors of Guy's Hospital, who in 1874 sold the property to the L.N.E.R. On the north were parlours and a stairway leading to nine bedrooms. Beyond were warehouses, coach houses, and stables innumerable

NAPOLEON BRANDY JARS preserved at the George Inn with other relics of former days

BELONGING TO A FORMER HOST: This little "Book of Psalms" belonged to Mr. Westerman Scholefield, and is inscribed "George Inn, Southwark"

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CORNER OF THE GEORGE: sphere of the past, not a difficult task in such century which covered

THE PANELLED SITTING-ROOM OF THE GEORGE AS NOW REVEALED: This old pine-panelled room has been cleared of many coats of paint and has generally been brought back to its original appearance; the corner cupboard is a pleasant feature. "The Sphere" has here endeavoured to recreate an air of 1740-50 in this delightful room. It is reached by the outer stairway leading to the first gallery

to accommodate as many as two or three hundred persons. The main road to South and East passed through its High Street; and the great Southwark Fair, "Our Lady Fair," attracted immense crowds of people, who thronged the High Street and the Inn yards, and even invaded London Bridge itself. Pilgrims, nobles, great merchants, foreign as well as English, country folk from the villages, travellers

(*Continued on p.* 520)

Here again "The Sphere" has endeavoured to recreate the atmo- timbered surroundings as these. The whitewash of the nineteenth everything has been judiciously removed

Drawn by Percy Home

IN THE LOUNGE OF THE GEORGE: This room, which was originally the kitchen, has been made into a lounge by the taking away of the old grate, otherwise the room is as it was. To-day it is one of the cosiest of retreats from the hurly-burly of modern London

An American Letter

A "Sphere" Reader Writes from Texas

THE announcement of U.S. Senator William E. Borah of Idaho that he will seek the Republican nomination for the presidency in 1936 is said to be practically a guarantee that Franklin Roosevelt will be re-elected President of the United States. The well-informed already realise this, but the Borah candidacy practically settles it. It is a re-emphasis of the fact that the Republicans have no effectual candidate to put forward against Roosevelt.

Borah, never an inspiring figure, has nevertheless been one of the most influential men in American politics during the greater part of the twentieth century. Nominally a Republican, his chief characteristic has been his independence. No organisation or clique has ever been able to count on his consistent support, and he has often played the part of a lone wolf.

Perhaps his greatest defect has been his practice of taking up a cause, then dropping it before the battle is over . . . sometimes even before the battle has fairly begun. His most steadfast purpose, however, has been his opposition to European alliances, including the League of Nations.

From one point of view, the announcement of his candidacy, at his advanced age, and in the light of the fact that the Republican party will almost certainly not give him the nomination, is pathetic. It looks as if Borah has decided that his career is practically at an end, which it is, and that his party may honour him with the presidential nomination in a year when a Republican cannot hope to win.

It may be, however, that this is not the case. Borah may realise that, although he cannot hope for the nomination, he may muster enough strength to compel the conservative Republican chieftains to deal with him on the subject of the party's candidate and its platform.

So far, incidentally, Borah is the only man of really great prominence who has been mentioned for the Republican nomination, except Hoover; and Republicans generally regard Hoover as "something that happened to us in 1928." The others, like Governor Landon of Kansas, who have been mentioned, are actually no more than very substantial but colourless business or professional men whose names never would have been mentioned if the Republican party were not so desperate in its search for an available candidate. They are distinctly not presidential timber.

The re-election of Roosevelt, however, is not likely to mean an extension of the radical policy of the New Deal. The trend back to conservatism has long since set in and is most likely to continue. For one thing, the Federal courts and the U.S. Supreme court are gradually nullifying the various provisions of the New Deal as unconstitutional. For another, the survey of American business that is now being conducted by the ghost of the N.R.A. organization will be the basis of future economic legislation if Roosevelt is re-elected; and this writer is reliably informed that business men have been assured that the object of the survey is to bring the New Deal more nearly into conformity with the wishes of business men.

In other words, although the United States has travelled a long way on the road of social legislation under Roosevelt, it is unlikely that it will go any further. The greater prospect is that there will be a considerable recession, and a return to more familiar methods of ruling a democratic country and running its business. Because the people are increasingly more interested in recovery and less interested in reform.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Lorius and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Heberer were people of average circumstance. There are millions like them. They came from the southern part of the State of Illinois, either in or near the region around Cairo, which is known as "little Egypt." It is a country filled with people who should, by all rhyme or reason, vanish, leaving behind them an unrecorded annal. Yet the Lorius and the Heberer families were predestined to immortality, at least in the police records of the U.S.

Little is known of them because they were always law-abiding citizens. They seem to have earned enough money to live and to save. But they also seem to have been sufficiently unimportant to have attracted no attention whatsoever, until . . .

One morning they slipped out of southern Illinois in a motor car, crossed the Mississippi into St. Louis, and headed for the Great American Desert in the South-west. Apparently they had been saving for this trip for many years. It was to be the trip on which they would go where they pleased, spend what they pleased, stay as long as they pleased . . . two married couples, four life-long friends, highly respectable but unimportant citizens, about to precipitate a search that has ranged from eastern Oklahoma to the Pacific Ocean

(Continued in column 3)

TRANSATLANTIC JOURNALESE: The following is the American caption supplied to us with the above picture. "Philomena Ratti, twenty-one-year-old Barnard College student, and a convent-bred cousin of Pope Pius XI, who denounced Premier Mussolini of Italy for the attack on Ethiopia. Speaking of her kinsman she said she thought His Holiness was a sincere believer in Peace but that his methods of achieving it were incorrect and his hands tied. Miss Ratti was a student in the swank Sisters of Mercy convent school in Lakewood, N. J. and has been active in peace society movements."

STRANGE VOCATION: Probably the most remarkable post held by any woman in the world is filled by Alma Lloyd, who leads a unique choir of feathered songsters in the Chapel of St. Paul, near Sacramento, California. The birds, 400 in number, are all in separate cages, arranged in rows on both sides of the altar, and many parts of the musical service are exquisitely rendered to their accompaniment. Miss Lloyd, who has trained the birds herself, starts each hymn by whistling the first few notes, when the birds take it up, in obedience to the movement of their instructor's hand

A NATIONAL SHRINE: Work in progress on the construction of the memorial to the late Will Rogers on Cheyenne Mountain, near Colorado Springs, Colorado. It is the gift of Mr. Spencer Penrose, a multi-millionaire business man and sportsman, and will take the form of a pink-grey granite tower, from which visitors will be able to look out across the Colorado, Kansas, and Oklahoma rangelands once so dear to the heart of America's great humorist. At night it will be illuminated by a sodium process light and will be visible for 100 miles

HE DARED HER TO DO IT: "Climaxing a drinking argument in their luxurious Santa Barbara, California, home, Mrs. Dorothea Livermore (*above*) assertedly shot her sixteen-year-old son, Jesse Livermore, Jnr. (*seen with her*). Mrs. Livermore is the divorced wife of Jesse Livermore, once known as the boy plunger, when he made millions in Wall Street. Officers said she shot the boy after he dared her to do so, when she said she would rather see him dead than drinking." Another example of the pungent style of American journalism as revealed in the caption supplied with the above picture

under the personal leadership of Governor Clyde Tingley of New Mexico. The charred remnants of their clothing and luggage were found. The police of the South-west, the State highway patrols, and the far-famed Texas Rangers are still searching for their bodies.

Even the sedan in which they drove has been found. It was located in Dallas, Texas, although they were last seen in Albuquerque, New Mexico, 971 miles away; and their burned clothing and luggage were found about three miles off the highway and about five miles from the centre of Albuquerque. That the murder took place somewhere near the spot where the clothing and luggage were found is reasonably certain; and this will seem strange to many, because there is a clear sweep from Albuquerque eastward to the Manzana mountains about eight miles away. Theoretically, one can "see" all the way. But it is one of the most difficult regions in the world in which to "see." One may be looking at an object six feet away, and not see it, unless one is accustomed to the country, the light, and the curious colouring of the soil and vegetation.

It is now generally accepted that all four of the party were done away with by a youth of less than 24 years, one of the innumerable transients who have been drifting about the country during the depression, who probably killed them for the sake of the few hundred dollars in cash they may have carried with them. Nevertheless, although 1,000 dollars reward has been offered, search has been futile. The G-men have accomplished nothing. The Navajo patrol have found no trace. Private detectives, the State militia, all other agencies have failed.

The success with which the young murderer concealed the bodies is contrasted with his clumsiness in all other details. The clothing and luggage were only about half-burned and ill-concealed. Day after day, immediately after the murder, he cashed tell-tale traveller's checks, twenty in all, to which he forged the name of Mr. Lorius. In addition, it is clear that he was a poor driver, as he subsequently became involved in a series of accidents that would have led to the apprehension of almost any criminal. Yet he escaped from each one.

Identification of the vanished party was achieved in a curious manner. Lorius, who was president of the George M. Lorius Coal Company, of East St. Louis, Illinois, had an employé cleaning out the sedan just before the party started. The employé found in a pocket in the door of the car a number of old papers of matches which he started to throw away. Lorius decided he might use the matches, kept them, and these led to the identification after the party had vanished.

Violation of his mother's advice appears to have led to the downfall of the Lorius party. Just before they left, the elder Mrs. Lorius warned her son not to give any "hitch-hiker" a ride. He promised her that he would not, then apparently did so, with fatal results. The last word that was received from the Lorius party was on a postcard mailed from Albuquerque on May 22 to Miss Frances Hardwick, Lorius's secretary. That the party was in trouble was not discovered until their abandoned car was found in Dallas.

The fugitive clearly appeared to be making a wild dash to get out of the Great American Desert, where there are only two possibilities for the criminal. One is to be caught on the open highway. The other is to "hide out," in the mountains, which can be done indefinitely; but invariably the men who "hide out" end by coming in and giving themselves up.

* * *

So strong has the sentiment for peace grown in the United States that the Texas State Conference of Parent-teachers' Associations, meeting in El Paso recently, adopted a resolution condemning toy soldiers as gifts to children. The resolution also sought to ban all other toys of a warlike nature, or toys that would contribute to the emulation of gangsters.

* * *

The people of the State of Texas in a referendum recently amended the State constitution in such a way as to authorise the State legislature to enact an old age pension law. The legislature enacted the law, but adjourned without making any appropriation to pay the pensions.

In the same referendum the people of Texas voted to amend the constitution so that the legislature received a mandate to repeal the Dean law, which made the sale or purchase of liquor a penitentiary offence. This the legislature proceeded to do. Under the Dean law, however, liquor was sold openly in entirely public bars. Under the new law, which was supposed to legalise drinking, sale of liquor by the drink is absolutely forbidden. The probability is that no convictions can be obtained "west of the Pecos" River.

* * *

Raul Galvan, Mexican smuggler, sentenced to death for the murder of Ivan Scotten, of the U.S. Border patrol, munched an apple while Judge W.D. Howe, the 34th District Court, El Paso, pronounced sentence. Galvan's appeal had been carried to the Texas Supreme Court in vain. While in prison, Galvan exhibited in an El Paso art gallery numerous examples of the intricate and fascinating bead-work, of which he is a master.

What Other People Are Doing

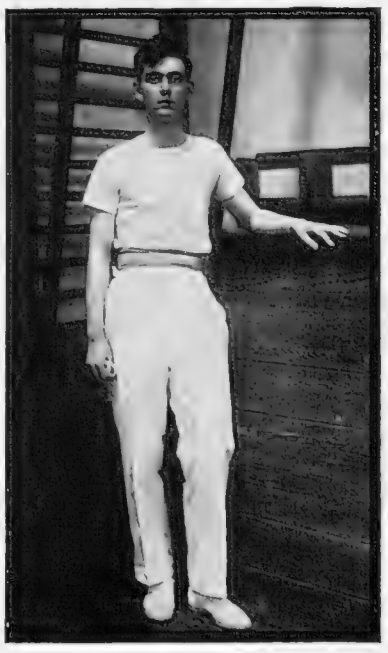
A Gallery of Personalities

MAKING NAMES FOR HIMSELF: Not many men ever change the'r name twice in a lifetime, but the new Secretary of State for Air, depicted here at his desk, has had that distinction, and, incidentally, has thus made his career a little difficult to follow. For the first forty years of his life he was Philip Lloyd-Greame; in 1924, on his wife's inheritance of some property, he changed to Cunliffe-Lister; and last month he was raised to the peerage as Viscount Swinton—an honour well deserved after a long career in the Commons

A NOTABLE APPOINTMENT: Mr. Edgar Forsdyke, Keeper of the Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum, who has been promoted to be Director and Principal Librarian to the Museum in succession to Sir Francis Hill

IN SEARCH OF NEWS: Will Rogers, twenty-three-year-old son of America's national humorist, the late Will Rogers, who has bought a large share of *The Beverley Hills Advertiser*—a Californian journal—and is working on it himself—as a cub reporter. He intends to learn every phase of the business before taking a leading position

AN ERUDITE TRIO: Mr. W. P. Bull, Mr. Bartle Bull—Conservative Member of Parliament for Enfield—and Mr. Michael Bull, three brothers who recently took their M.A. degrees at Oxford. They are sons of Mr. William P. Bull, K.C.



SWEDEN'S SPORT-LOVING ROYAL FAMILY: Three interesting new camera studies of King Gustaf's democratically-minded grandchildren. *Left*—Prince Gustaf-Adolf, Duke of Vasterbotten and heir-presumptive, taking a fence at a military equestrian display. *Centre*—Mr. Lennart Bernadotte, son of the Duke of Sudermanie, is an enthusiastic and accomplished gymnast. It will be remembered that he renounced all his titles in 1932 at the time of his runaway marriage to a commoner. *Right*—Prince Bertil, Duke of Halland and third son of the Crown Prince, about to take off on a practise flight. He is training in the Swedish Navy

THE WORLD OF BOOKS:

H. V. Marrot's Impressions of Galsworthy: Sir Philip Gibbs Goes Among the People

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

WITH the thoroughness which was characteristic of him, the late John Galsworthy left behind him a wealth of material in letters, journals, diaries and careful records for his biographer to draw upon.

In THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY (Heinemann. 21s.) Mr. H. V. Marrot has drawn upon it perhaps too abundantly: the book might have been improved for being a little less of a thumb-acher. Galsworthy was not a great writer, nor even a great novelist, but a meticulous historian of his class, of its prides and prejudices, of its strengths and weaknesses, and (although he was not conscious of it until the later days), of its passing from the social centre.

It is not surprising therefore that his first literary project was a work on the breeding of racehorses. He was a "blood" at Oxford, and it was not until some years later that a deep emotional experience brought him face to face with larger issues in life, and through these he fumbled his way to early self-expression.

Out of the struggle between emotional experience and the cast-iron family prejudices surrounding him was born the early history of the Forsytes. He waited long for recognition as a writer, and it was *The Man of Property* that first earned him fame. Later on the sequence was issued by a stroke of publishing genius, in one volume under the title of the *Forsyte Saga*. He immediately became a best seller; his fame spread abroad, and he became a standard English author, particularly in Scandinavia and the German-speaking countries.

Above all he was a humanitarian, putting up a stern fight against injustice wherever he was able to perceive it. His very aloofness made his views circumspect, but he attacked with the cold steel of righteousness, and from this side of the man came his best plays. Few novelists have made good playwrights, yet there are some of my colleagues who are dramatic critics who will say that Galsworthy was a greater playwright than anything else.

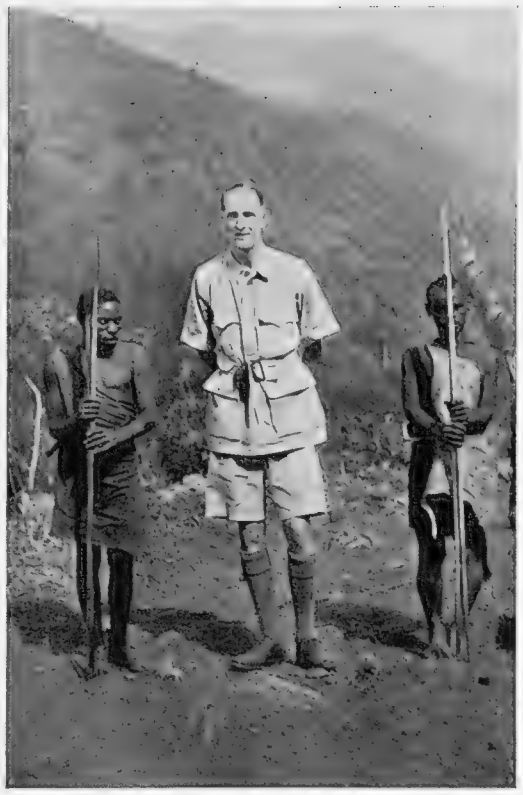
When the vein of the Forsytes had been worked out he turned to the modern scene, finding therein a strange idiom; those characters of his who came of age in the post-war period talked a peculiarly Galsworthian language. He was always safer and more sure with Irene than with Fleur.

For the broader basis of their purpose his plays will assuredly live; for their strictly historical value his Forsyte novels must continue to be read. As a man he was aloof and remote. One did not laugh lightly in his presence, yet there was no more warm-hearted, understanding man than he. For years he made a habit of giving away half of his income.

His charitable acts were innumerable and far from indiscriminate. With each case he took immense pains to seek and to provide exactly the right remedy. Many an incipient life of crime has been arrested and turned to better things by John Galsworthy. Some of this side of him can be found in this book, but as the years take us further and further away from him, and a more impersonal Life comes, as it will, to be written, it is to be hoped that the writer and the dramatist will be placed in proper perspective to the man—for he was a great man.

I hesitate to write BALKAN MONASTERY (Ivor Nicholson & Watson. 7s. 6d.) down as a war book, because the seventeen years that have passed since the war have, naturally enough, brought a re-action against such books.

Nevertheless this is a book about the war, and since "must" is usually an ineffectual word in a reviewer's vocabulary, I will only say that it is a book which I sincerely commend to you, and which I hope you will read.



SIR BERNARD H. BOURDILLON WITH BAMBUTE PYGMIES: The Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Uganda seen in the wilds of the Protectorate. An illustration from *Uganda*, by H. B. Thomas, O.B.E., and Robert Scott, a comprehensive work of reference which has just been published by the Oxford University Press at 15s.

Mr. Stephen Graham's story is based on fact, and it is as powerful, and yet as pathetic and moving as only the simple truth can be. Mainly it is the story of little Desa Georgevitch, one of the lost children of the war, who, with eighty other little girls between the ages of seven and fifteen was sent to a country monastery when Belgrade was evacuated, soon after the beginning of the war.

Children like Desa, Mr. Graham tells us, are still being found by their own parents all these years after their separation. Desa was luckier. The armistice for her meant more than peace, it meant food and a reasonable degree of cleanness and comfort, and most of all, it meant reunion with her father and brother who had been serving with the Serbian army and who arranged their own demobilisation in November 1918.

"That month two men got leave from their regiments, departed south and indeed never returned. Discipline in the Serbian army is never severe. What makes it a great fighting force is *esprit de corps* rather than harshness. Its soldiers come and go and deserters are not court-martialled . . . Georgevitch and his son Sava went south, and then they went home to Bosnia with Desa and did not claim their back pay."

Mr. Graham knows the Near East so well that in writing about it he has got far beyond the pedagogic stage of giving information like a thinly disguised geography or history lesson. That is a style we all know and resent, but here is someone who writes so simply and so naturally that the reader is charmed into the same sympathy with these people as Mr. Graham obviously feels.

Good books come one's way more often than the cynics think probable, and to confirm my opinion of this, I have only to read again the chapter on the retreat, heroic in every sense, of the old Serbian King Peter with his army to the sea.

"It has occurred to me," writes Mr. F. J. Harvey Darton in his preface to ENGLISH FABRIC (George Newnes. 10s. 6d.), "that real people still live in the English countryside . . . their existence is often not simple and not lovely. They are inclined to be earthy. Motorists, hikers, week-enders—these also, doubtless, are God's creatures and have a place in the scheme of things; but they would have no country sights to see if it were not for the people they patronise in villages."

This book then is a study of English village life, not in its tourist aspects or its rose-bowered cottage point of view, but from the angle of a man who lives in it and earns his living there, and whose forefathers probably lived in the same village and with almost the same standards.

Mr. Darton steers his own course with a certain engaging *naïveté* between being frivolous and being merely tedious, and the result is lively and interesting reading, full of good anecdotes and commonsense, a rare enough combination to make it popular.

ENGLAND SPEAKS (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is the record of a tour made in the past year by Sir Philip Gibbs. It is in a sense a panorama of England in 1935, and it is not so much an analysis of the English scene as an objective description, with little comment but much lucid reporting.

Mr. J. B. Priestley, in *English Journey*, covered roughly the same ground but the two books are not in any way rivals. Sir Philip's range of enquiry is wider, and his touch lighter. His conversations with "barbers, statesmen, farming folk, literary gentlemen, miners and all manner of folk of humble or exalted rank" though they brought him to much the same conclusions, seem to have been undertaken in a less downright and more emotional way. He is first and foremost the reporter, but discreetly, compassionately, and thoughtfully.

Perhaps Sir Philip is at his best in his conversations with simple types. Certainly the most unforgettable stories are of the barber who asserted that there "was no demand for nudes" and the crossing-sweeper who regarded the Royal family as a "very respectable lot."

Sir Philip makes no sweeping generalisations, and offers no dictatorial short cuts to prosperity. His object has been to relay to us the voice of England to-day in many of its moods and undertones. His own sympathetic outlook has coloured the book, and his insight is genuine, if it is not mordant.

The story of economic expansion in North America is a fascinating one, and there is no finer instance of the sturdy independence of Canada than the foundations, in the early railway age, of that great iron artery, the Canadian Pacific Railway. Transport is the life blood of industry, linking up agricultural belts with the great cities, and generally determining the economic dependence or independence of a country. Canada obstinately went her horizontal way, forswearing reliance upon the lusty and youthful nation upon its southern boundaries.

The history of the struggle, hardships and ultimate triumph of the C.P.R. has been brilliantly and absorbingly told in STEEL OF EMPIRE (Rich & Cowan. 21s.) by John Murray Gibbon. For illustrations from the book see p. 524 of this issue. The story is rich in adventure, in battles between man and nature, and between men who were giants in those days. It makes not only railway history but Empire history, and it is written in such lively terms of character and action that make it really absorbing from the first page to the last.

A book that is dedicated to "all the animals and most of the guests" of a house has an instantaneous appeal for most of us, backed up by the unacknowledged but firm conviction that we should have been among the chosen had we been guests at all. Complacently we prepare to read on, and we get exactly what we deserve.

SABI PAS (Heinemann. 3s. 6d.) is a very small book entirely devoted to the description and praise of dogs, cats, and goldfish, and the fact that any guests should share in the honour of the dedication is obviously either a printer's error, or a gesture of generosity on the part of Miss F. Tennyson Jesse.

In the South of France, Miss Tennyson Jesse, and her equally hospitable husband, turned over their house, their garden and the conduct of their lives to a mixed bag of aristocratic goldfish, ginger-and-white cats known in a rare moment of exasperation as "those marmalade capons", and dogs of indeterminate breeds but great character. "The Micklum" was typical of them. "His charm was diabolical. At the end of twenty-four hours you had not only forgotten that you thought him a plain dog, but you were apt to deny that you had ever thought so. . . As a human being I fear that Micklum would have been a gigolo, but he would have been a gigolo with a heart."

Miss Tennyson Jesse knows just how to convey that charm, and just how to make such a slight little book such an enchanting affair.

A BOOK LIST

Some Recent Publications

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FINS, FLIPPERS, TUSKS, CLAWS, AND SUCKERS

TUSKER! A fine close-up of a walrus on an ice-floe a few miles off Four Peaks on the inhospitable coast of Labrador. Their tusks are formidable weapons of defence, but their principal use seems to be that of scraping among sand for molluscs and crustaceans. They are also said to aid in climbing rocks

MOTHER AND CHILD

An interesting study of a sea lion and its off spring disporting themselves after a plunge

THE BUSINESS END: An eight-armed octopus and its double rows of deadly suckers—a picture taken in the aquarium at Sydney's famous Zoo, Taronga Park. When in captivity its principal food consists of crabs

THE GOOD COMPANIONS: "Cleopatra," the Liverpool Zoo lioness, has had seven children this year, but, as she is inclined to make a meal of her offspring, the latest arrivals have been placed in charge of this collie, who appears to be quite agreeable to taking the part of foster mother. She may before long regret her temerity, however

RESTOCKING: Three fine 7-lb. bream about to be placed in the water during the replenishing of the L.T. (Central Buses) Sports Association's lake at Rickmansworth. Altogether over 700 lb. of fish were put in and the work was carried out by the staff of the Thames Angling Preservation Society

THEIR MAJESTIES RETURN THANKS: The King and Queen standing in the central space beneath the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral during the Silver Jubilee service on the morning of May 6

SILVER JUBILEE YEAR

Outstanding Events of 1935

Recalled by CHARLES GRAVES

I SUPPOSE it is because 1935 has been so full of incident that it seems so much more than a year since the Archbishop of Canterbury in his broadcast New Year message announced that "Recovery is in the air." In the past twelve months we have had the Silver Jubilee celebrations themselves; we have had the birth of a Royal baby—to the Duke and Duchess of Kent; we have had a Royal wedding—that of the Duke of Gloucester, though this was over-shadowed by the death of the Duke of Buccleuch; and finally we have had the Royal funeral of the King's eldest sister. Births, marriages, and deaths in fact.

It is one of the curiosities of this Silver Jubilee year that the Royal Family itself had no idea in advance of the tremendous reception of the public to the celebrations of the twenty-five years of beneficent guidance which the nation has experienced under King George's sovereignty. It is very nearly true to say that all the pomp and panoply was forced on them by public demand as expressed through the medium of the newspapers. You can probably still recall the King's original plan of driving to St. Paul's in a single carriage and without any of the escorts of Lancers and Hussars which ultimately made the procession the most magnificent ever seen in the streets of London.

Internationally, the first great event of the year was the complete triumph of Hitler in the 90 per cent. vote polled by the inhabitants of the Saar for their return to Germany. At home, the Minister of Transport began, also in January, the task of acquiring every possible piece of information which might provide for further safety measures. The questionnaire sent out to the police chiefs embodied 400 different points. In Liverpool, Mr. Randolph Churchill failed to win the Wavertree by-election, while in London Mr. Ramsay MacDonald announced that May 6 was to be observed as a paid holiday for all workers in Government establishments. Meantime, the King accepted the gift of a house from the Royal Warrant-holders Association.

The ancient anomaly of the Oxford Street drink licences disappeared in February, with the result that it became no longer possible to have a drink on one side of Oxford Street when you could not have one on the other. Deaths of celebrities in the early part of the year were not many, but they included Mr. Justice Bateson, J. S. Fletcher, and Randolph Lycett. Out in Austrian Tirol the Prince of Wales was trying to learn the approved Arlberg style of ski-ing, and every available room in Kitzbühel was crammed. Also in February was one of the few big flying disasters of the year, when two officers and seven men in the Royal Air Force were killed in Sicily.

Cambridge defeated Oxford, as usual, in the Boat Race. Sir Austen Chamberlain's daughter was married in the old Chapel of the Crypt at the House of Commons. Ireland unexpectedly defeated Scotland at Rugger; and there was a great deal of talk about Mr. Lloyd George's New Deal. Meantime it looked as though Mr. C. B. Cochran was going to abandon all his production plans in view of the attitude of British Equity. Probably—later on—when he did produce *Mesmer* he rather wished he had, though *Anything Goes* has been one of the greatest successes of his career.

Every week in the early spring the newspapers were printing accounts of the new details about the *Queen Mary*, while Sir Malcolm Campbell, having broken his own record at Daytona, was preparing, all unknown to his friends, for his 300-mile-an-hour dash near Salt Lake City later in the year. Even as late as April there was nothing to tell the general public of the imminent war between Italy and Abyssinia, with the exception of a brilliant article by my confrère, Ferdinand Tuohy, written for this journal and published on January 12. But in the main, Princess Mdivani's plans to divorce her husband were the chief topic of many people's conversation. Little did she know that she could have saved herself all that trouble as her husband was shortly to get killed in a motor car smash in Spain.

April saw the fêting of Mr. Eden in Moscow, and the announcement of the surprise surplus of £7,500,000 in our national Budget. Lord Derby's seventieth birthday was the occasion for the whole of the county of Lancashire's homage, and Mr. Neville Chamberlain announced the full restoration of the remaining half of the cuts imposed in 1931 in the pay of Ministers, M.P.s, judges, civil servants, members of defence forces, teachers, police, insurance doctors, and chemists.

By now the South African Cricket Team had come over, and any sportsman would have laid any kind of odds against their winning the rubber. Yet they ultimately did, for the first time in the history of Anglo–South African Test matches in this country. The excitement by now over the Royal Jubilee celebrations was intense. The whole of London was *en fête*. Dense crowds paraded the city of carnival, and it was announced that for the first time since before the war the Queen's Bays, the 3rd Carabineers, and the 4th Queen's Own Hussars would wear full dress uniform. All sorts of speculations were made as to the probable profit or loss of the various ticket agencies which had leased large sections of buildings overlooking the Royal route and were charging anything from 2 guineas to 20 guineas per head per seat. Then the great day dawned, and His Majesty made the most moving broadcast in the history of radio. His voice almost broke when he said "how can I express what is in my heart? I can only say to you, my very dear people, that the Queen and I thank you from the depth of our hearts for all the loyalty and may I say love with which this day, and always you have surrounded us. I dedicate myself anew to your service for the years that may still be given to me . . . From my heart I thank my beloved people."

It was a fortnight later that T. E. Lawrence of Arabia was killed in a motor bicycle smash, an event that would have caused still more attention but for the Jubilee Thanksgiving Services held throughout the country, and the surprise visits paid to the East End of London and elsewhere by the King and Queen.

The public might have guessed that there was more in it than met the eye when the Government suddenly decided to increase the Royal Air Force by 1,500 aeroplanes and 2,500 more pilots. But still the Abyssinian trouble was not visualised by the public, which was more interested in the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States which "outlawed" President Roosevelt's National Recovery Act code. Meantime, the *Normandie* snatched the Blue Riband of the Atlantic on her maiden voyage, Bahram duly obliged the Aga Khan in the Derby, with Robin Goodfellow and Field Trial as the place horses. Simultaneously, Quetta lay in ruins, when 20,000 people were killed in the earthquake.

This month of June was certainly full of news. The Prince of Wales gave Germany a notable gesture of friendship when he said that "there could be no more suitable body or organisation of men to stretch forward the hand of friendship to the Germans than we ex-Service men who fought them, and have forgotten all that, in the great war." Lord Byng and George Grossmith both died in June. Mr. Baldwin took the place of Mr. MacDonald as Premier with a consequent Government re-shuffle that was completed in two hours. Fourteen people were killed in the railway collision at Welwyn Garden City. Mr. Justice Avory died at Rye.

July was notable for the last voyage of the *Mauretania* and the announcement by Mr. Anthony Eden that the British Government was prepared to offer Abyssinia a strip of British Somaliland as a scheme for the settlement of the Italian-Abyssinian dispute which had now suddenly reached front page status. That month also saw the Review of the Fleet at Spithead and the death of Colonel Dreyfus. But the month ended in comedy over the flutter in the House of Commons about the reproof administered to Maud Mason, a Manchester school girl, for writing in her essay that "England is the finest country in the world."

By the beginning of August Mussolini had called up 300,000 men for the Abyssinian campaign; and

(Continued on p. 524)

JUBILEE DAY ON CONSTITUTION HILL: The vast thoroughfare thronged with people after the King and Queen had passed by on their way from Buckingham Palace to the Thanksgiving service at St. Paul's. Significantly enough this was a day of exceptionally bright sunshine in a long spell of unspringlike weather

CHARLOT'S CHRISTMAS FARE: Nellie Wallace, the Evil Fairy, and Patrick Waddington, principal boy, are in the centre group in this picture taken at the Vaudeville during a performance of *Sleeping Beauty*, an entertainment which Philip Page describes as a typical revue lightly tinged with the pantomime story in order to make it seasonable

CURRENT DRAMA

"Charley's Aunt" in Athens and "Peter Pan" in Paris : An Orgy of False Emotion at the London Pavilion

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

BETWEEN SCENES: Bert Coote (*right*), Phyllis Stanley, and other members of the cast of *Sleeping Beauty* chatting in the wings

AT ONE TIME I believed in the "immortality" of certain Christmas plays (or seasonable attractions) as firmly as I believe in the immortality of the soul.

The former belief is now shattered. I look in vain for *Charley's Aunt*. Surely it is "still running?" Somewhere that old lady, who was no ordinary woman, must be causing diversion; possibly in Brazil, where the nuts come from. But this year there is no London revival. Some years ago I saw *Charley's Aunt* in Athens, in modern Greek, under the hardly-recognisable title of *The Sister of the Mother of Charles*. Why not "aunt"? Perhaps the Greeks haven't a word for it.

Where, too, is *The Private Secretary*? Can it be that, like its curate hero, it does not like London any more? If so, that is a pity, for there has never been a better farce. *Toad of Toad Hall* is Milne-ish and of more recent growth; yet it seemed to have a firm London hold. London's loss is the provinces' gain.

When Knights Were Bold has been brought tragically into the limelight by the sudden death of Bromley Challenor, who was associated with it for so many years. He was a conscientious and hard-working comedian and he died, like a far greater actor than he, Henry Irving, practically on the boards.

But it is with the late James Welch that I chiefly associate *When Knights were Bold*, whose first production on any stage I well remember at the New Theatre, Oxford—then very new, for it had just been rebuilt and made all glorious within. That theatre has now given place to a vast and vastly modern building. *Eheu fugaces . . .* "Jimmy" Welch was a comic genius with a touch of pathos, a kind heart, a huge store of book-learning, and a hot temper. He was the best of the many Sir Guy de Veres, one of whom was Nelson Keys.

Buckie's Bears is with us again. So, after a long interval, is *Blue Bell in Fairyland*, by Sir Seymour Hicks, though not with Sir Seymour in his old part of the boy who swept a crossing. Not that he is not quite youthful enough to play the part to-day as alertly as ever he did. Which reminds me that *Peter Pan*, now at the Palladium, defies time. It did not defy time in Paris, where I saw it as *Le Petit Garçon qui ne voulut pas Grandir*, and found it immensely diverting and, I must confess, more enjoyable than I have ever known it in English. French audiences, having no use for the whimsical or for Sir James Barrie's form of sentimentality, would have none of it. A dog in a kennel in the children's nursery intrigued them for a moment—what they were expecting I dare not begin to imagine—but they were soon flummoxed, and then bored, and then exasperated.

"WHAT LANCASHIRE SEES TO-DAY . . ." C. B. Cochran pictured with two of his Young Ladies at a rehearsal of his new show *Follow the Sun* which opened in Manchester last Monday. Talented Claire Luce plays the lead

If you talk to a Frenchman about *La Terre de Jamais, Jamais*, he will not spot a beautiful and Barrie-ish fancy. He will merely think you are an imbecile.

And what *does* it mean, anyway?

"The Melody Lingers On."—*Peter Pan's* creator never laid on sentimentality with so well-loaded a trowel as I found had been applied in the new film, *The Melody Lingers On*, at the London Pavilion.

It is a peculiar form of Christmas romp to have one's heartstrings torn—if that is the effect on the average audience of this orgy of false emotion. I am sufficiently an optimist to think that this cannot be possible.

The mother torn from her infant was sufficiently exploited in *East Lynne*, where, incidentally, it was exploited cleverly enough to last for generations. In this film the theme is not even adequately treated.

An Italian soldier (we are hearing rather too much just now about Italian soldiers), who is also an opera-singer, falls in love with a girl, who has a child by him. The man is killed and the mother, for reasons not adequately explained, is refused access to the child. Why? In order that heartache shall be registered, just as the soldier is made an opera-singer so that we can have chunks of opera, not at all badly sung.

Miss Josephine Hutchinson and Mr. George Houston are the unhappy pair.

The advertisements advise all and sundry to "see this picture with someone you love!" In the unlikely event of my seeing it again, I shall take with me a few people I hate, for the joy of seeing 'em squirm.

"Hansel and Gretel."—The Sadler's Wells folk—I use the word advisedly, since here is essentially a *volksoper*—do not yet reach operatically their ballet standard, which is remarkably high. For all that, the Christmas revival of *Hansel and Gretel* has many joyous moments both for musicians and for those who, for some inscrutable reason, regard this complex work, with its Wagnerian score and its story of cannibalism and sadistic murder, as ideal fare for the children at Christmas.

By the time the witch-burning occurs, however, most children are either rendered comatose by the Teutonic thoroughness with which Humperdinck develops contrapuntally every theme, or they are in so hysterical a condition that they will laugh at anything, even when an old woman is bundled into a hot oven. A mite of five or so behind me clapped and gurgled with delight when that occurred, but indulged in a terror-stricken whimper when a young lady in a grey beard sang in uncertain tones the music of the Sandman or Sleep Fairy. I must confess that I was mightily glad when that song was over, but possibly for different reasons.

If this glorious music is to complete its function as a Christmas entertainment, there should be more fun in the actual production. It should not be beyond the resources of this theatre, strictly though economy has to be preserved, to suggest the magic of a forest, otherwise than by a small electric stove, tinted green. And in the scene outside the witch's house why not let the cats on the roof flash their eyes and the witch herself fly across the stage on a wire? This (a dummy could be used for the flight) should not cost more than a very few pounds and the children would love it. The whooping enthusiasm which greeted every stage of the performance that I saw should not lead supporters to imagine that everything is as right as right can be at this charming and friendly theatre. That is I fear not always the case: all is not necessarily well, well that Sadler's.

The conductor on this occasion, for instance. I have heard *Hansel and Gretel* some thirty times but have never known the score so unsympathetically treated. Mr. Geoffrey Corbett may like this music—he is no musician if he does not—but he gave few signs of liking it. He rushed through Act I at record speed, causing the brother and sister, Miss Sybil Hambleton and Miss Edith Lee, (both sang well and looked their parts) to romp solemnly through sheer anxiety, and Mr. Redvers Llewellyn, the father, to forget to be bibulous, probably for the same reason. There are lovely passages for the strings which were not audible at all; indeed, Mr. Corbett did not seem to care for his strings, bringing them in only occasionally and then, as often as not, half a bar after they had brought themselves in. Youthful impetuousness is all very well, but it can be overdone in the case of *Hansel and Gretel*, which is a masterpiece of the more tender type.

On the credit side were the lighting, the fine performance of Miss Constance Willis as the witch, and the chorus work at the close. Much may be said, I think, for the orchestral condensation of this work in a small theatre, such as was done with great skill for Mr. Basil Dean's production at the Cambridge a couple of years ago. This version Sadler's Wells might with advantage adopt. Mr. Irving did not take away a note that Humperdinck wrote nor did he add one that he did not write, but he lightened the musical burden as well as the necessity for struggling to reproduce, with limited resources, that which demands a full symphony orchestra and a theatre the size of Covent Garden.

BRIGHT STARS IN THE

THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL: Greta Garbo as she appears in the title role of *Anna Karenina*, the successful film, based on Tolstoy's famous novel, which had its première in October. The Garbo has now been in Hollywood pictures for over ten years, and is one of the few who added to their reputation with the advent of talkies

"THE GOLDEN GIRL": Ginger Rogers, who stars with the great Fred Astaire in *Top Hat*, the song-and-dance film, which has been breaking all records at the Carlton, Haymarket. Many, however, account her performance with William Powell in *Star of Midnight* as the best thing she has done recently

ONE OF THE GOLDWYN GIRLS: Dorothy Belle Dugan in *Shoot the Chutes*, the latest Eddie Cantor picture which is due for presentation in the West End next February, and is said to be even better entertainment than *Kid Millions*. She provides yet another example of Sam Goldwyn's uncanny ability for picking winners

A RISING YOUNG BRITISH STAR: Sophie Stewart as she appears in *The Man Who Could Work Miracles*—a London film production which is based on a short story by H. G. Wells and will be shown in February. Miss Stewart has had a number of successes on the stage and appeared in *The Sleeping Clergyman*

FILM FIRMAMENT

THE GRECIAN SILHOUETTE: Katherine Hepburn in one of the many beautiful gowns she wears in *Break of Hearts*, a picture in which she sustains her reputation but the theme of which was hardly worthy of her truly outstanding talents. Few will quickly forget her performance in *A Bill of Divorcement*

THE QUINTESSENCE OF LOVELINESS: The blonde young actress from Russia whom Samuel Goldwyn took to Hollywood to "groom" for stardom, but who has now come over to England to work for a new British company. She was born nearly twenty-four years ago in Kiev, her mother being Swedish and her father Russian

SWEET SEVENTEEN: Margaret Sullavan, star of *So Red the Rose* which recently began its run at the Plaza, whose charm and vivacity contribute to the success of this moving, if far-fetched romance of the American Civil War taken from a novel by Stark Young. Her speaking voice is one of her outstanding qualities

RAVEN-HAIRED BEAUTY: Kay Francis, a Hollywood star whose consistently intelligent acting has made her a consistent box office attraction for some years past. She is the daughter of Katherine Clinton, a well-known American actress, and was born in Oklahoma City. She at one time specialised particularly in vamp roles

South Beyond Europe

The Delights of Travel in North Africa

TO anyone who knows North Africa, there are apt to come moments in the South of Europe—in Spain or anywhere along the Mediterranean sea. board—when he is suddenly and powerfully reminded of that other continent. They are only fleeting moments. Some sound or smell will suddenly evoke them, and then, in a flash, the vision is gone. I remember once in Anacapri looking down from the olive clad slopes of Monte Solaro over the Bay of Naples. It was just growing dark, and an odd medley of noise rose from the squat white village, just as it does from an African village when it is settling down for the night. For a single instant it *was* Africa, but then, inevitably, the atmosphere of Europe asserted itself once more.

This may appear all rather commonplace, but it is interesting because in its underlying essentials the African scene is utterly different from anything we know in Europe. For all its modern administration, its tall new buildings, its tramcars, its motor roads, its agricultural development, northern Africa remains a land of strange, mixed charm; past and present flow together in a dark current; great ruins stand in silent mockery of the impotence of Empires; the long traditions of the East persist in a people that is half Arab, half Berber; and far away in the hinterland is the vast brooding Sahara.

Algeria and Morocco are big countries—bigger between them by far than France, even counting only their habitable regions. The imaginary picture one is tempted to paint for oneself of date palms, camels, rolling yellow sands, and cloudless skies is far from complete. All these landscape ingredients are there, certainly, but how much else there is besides! For instance, the Atlas Mountains, a range that stretches almost from the south-western corner of Morocco to Tunis in the east, with peaks as high as the Alps, and remote valleys scarcely visited even by explorers; charming villages on the coasts, where the hand of progress (except, in some cases, as far as hotels are concerned) appears to have been arrested for at least 500 years; growing modern cities like Casablanca, Algiers, and Philippeville, and ancient ones like Fez and Marakesh, where the world of the past, in appearance at any rate, still holds sway.

A PEEP INTO TANGIER: The town viewed through an old Moorish gateway on the heights

Nowadays, the tourist follows ever more quickly in the steps of the pioneer. In the case of North Africa the pioneer was Marshal Lyautey, and he completed his great task of bringing these territories within the orbit of western civilization only a very short while before his death. Naturally, it is the fringe which is being Europeanised more quickly. Casablanca was an insignificant little Arab township twenty years ago. Today, it has over 50,000 European inhabitants, and its post office, which when it was first built was ridiculed as being almost bigger than the rest of the town put together, has since had to be enlarged three or four times, and the native quarter is now almost lost among the boulevards and avenues of the new era. At Tangier (in the international zone) and at Algiers, equally, new buildings are constantly going up.

Algiers is actually the oldest of the modernised coast towns. It was the first conquest of the French when they started on their long road of colonial enterprise in 1830, and by the end of the last century it was well-established as a famous winter resort. The villas on Mustapha Hill bear witness to this leisured period when people were prepared to spend months on end in the same place. Two particularly pleasant expeditions from Algiers are worth noting—one is to Cape Matifu and the village of Laperouse, where there are the ruins of what must have been an extraordinarily attractive Roman watering place; the other is to Tipaza and Cherchell.

Tipaza is a seaside place and was also known to the Romans. Cherchell is the capital of the ancient kingdom of Numidia. The fine tomb there, known as *Tombeau de la Chrétienne* is supposed to have been built for the wife of Juba II, who was the daughter of Antony and Cleopatra. It is amongst the most striking monuments of the ancient world to be seen anywhere in North Africa.

Very different are the inland towns of Fez and Marakesh. Marakesh (most easily reached from Casablanca) is one of the four imperial towns of Morocco, and it must be one of the strangest towns in the world. Its market place, the vast Djemaa-el F'na square, is the mingling place of many tribes; the people of the mountains and the people of the desert and the people of the plains all come together here, and the first sight of so fantastic a conglomeration of humanity is almost terrifying. It certainly heightens one's respect for the task of co-ordination that the French colonisers have undertaken.

Fez, the capital of the North, is quite different, but equally well worth seeing. It is divided into two parts, old and new, but the sightseer's objectives are all concentrated in the former. There are some palaces and mosques which will give infinite pleasure to the student of Moorish architecture, and then there are the famous "souks," a labyrinth of narrow, twisting streets given over to the practitioners of various crafts. Nowhere is that curious, undefinable quality of attraction that we refer to vaguely as "the East" more apparent than here. Anyone who is interested in old books and manuscripts, should make a special effort to see the libraries of the colleges of Fez; their collections are beyond price. This is not easy to do, but it is sometimes possible to arrange it through the Département des Beaux Arts.

And what of the desert? Beyond the fertile coastland, the pine and cork forests of the mountain slopes, the peaks themselves, the rolling plains of alfa grass, one comes at last to the Sahara. Seeing it for the first time is one of the really great experiences in life that travel has to offer, and although such places as Biskara and Touggourt—the one on the edge of the desert, the other well into it—are now within the reach of every tourist, it will be long before the overwhelming sense of timelessness which this stark synthesis of sand and sky imparts, becomes one of the commonplace emotions of sight-seeing.

A. G.

TRADE TOKENS: Three fine examples issued in the seventeenth century from the famous George Inn at Southwark and now in the library of the Guildhall, London, where they have been photographed for the first time. The pieces bear the inscriptions John Cole (*left*), James Gunter (*centre*), and Anthony Blake (*right*). John Cole's name is also given in an artistic monogram

THE GEORGE INN, SOUTHWARK

(*Continued from p.* 511)

from the coast by coach or pack horse, all were to be found at these fine hostelries.

The George, as we have said, is the only survivor of all these famous Southwark inns, and there is only one inn of its type in England, the New Inn at Gloucester, which is older. There was a pre-Reformation inn known as the St. George, mentioned as the "St. George, situate on the north side of the Tabard" in 1554 (35th Henry VIII). The historian, Stow, speaks of having seen it in 1598. This was destroyed by fire in 1670. It was at once rebuilt by the innkeeper with the picturesque name of Mark Wayland, on a new lease at "£80 per annum and one sugar loaf." Again it was burnt down in the great Southwark fire of 1676, a fire engineered, according to the Rev. John Ward's Diary, written some years afterwards, by "Gover and his ruffians who had £1,000 for their pains. Gifford, a Jesuit, had the management of the fire." Wayland once more rebuilt his inn, this time at a reduced rent of £50 and one sugar loaf. The two tiers of galleries with their wooden pillars show some resemblance to the Elizabethan Theatre "The Fortune"; and indeed, the courtyard is now used once a year, on Shakespeare's birthday, as the setting of some such play as the nobles must have looked down upon in the early days of its existence.

In medieval days, the sign was of St. George and the Dragon, "St. George that swinged the Dragon and sits on horseback at mine hostess' door."

In 1720, the inn was reported to be "very large with a considerable trade."

Later on in this century (1752), there is a good story of the sixth Lord Digby. William Rendle recounts that at Christmas and Easter he appeared very grave and though usually well dressed was then in the habit of putting on a shabby old blue coat. This excited the curiosity of Mr. Fox, his uncle, who had him watched, when it was discovered that twice a year or oftener, he was in the habit of going to the Marshalsea and freeing prisoners there. The next time the almsgiving coat appeared a friend boldly asked him why he wore it. By way of reply Lord Digby took the gentleman to the George Inn, where seated at dinner were thirty people, whom his lordship had just released from the Marshalsea prison by paying their debts in full.

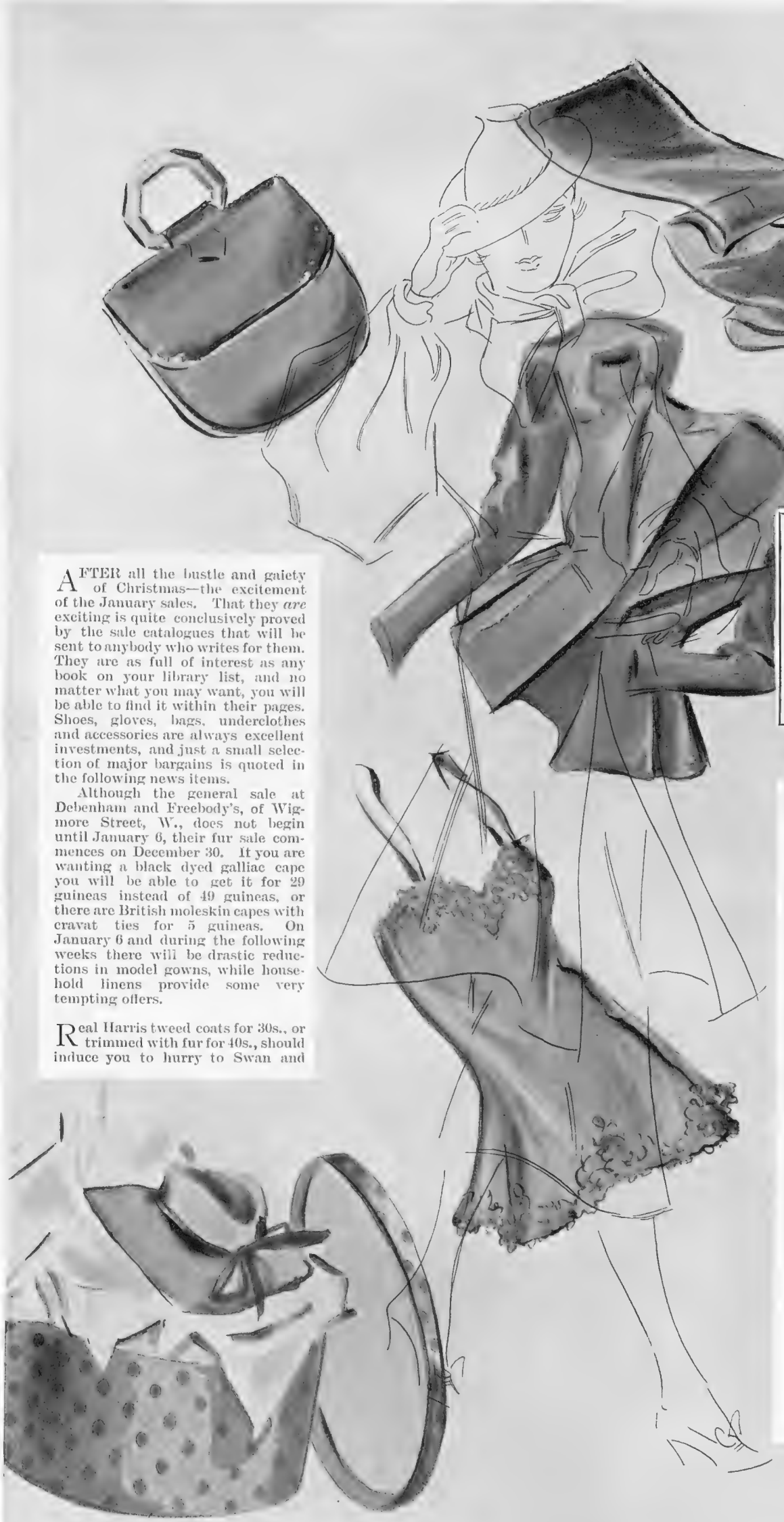
Henry Hill, Bookseller, had his counting house at the corner of The George (about 1620). Hill was printer to the Lord Protector in 1657; and to the King in 1684. His shop was probably the house covering the gateway (71 High Street).

Three tokens are known to have been issued from the George, and are now in the Beaufoy collection at the Guildhall. One is of "Anthony Blake, tapster, ye George in Southwarke"; on the opposite side there are three tobacco pipes surmounted by four beer measures. Another has on one side "James Gunter 16" St. George and the Dragon, in field; on the reverse side, "In Southwarke", and, in the field, "I.A.G."

LINKS WITH OLD LONDON: The reverse sides of the three trade tokens shown at the head of this page. That on the left bears the words "Against The George in Southwark—His Halfpenny," and that on the right has a device of three tobacco pipes and four pots

STARTING THE NEW YEAR WELL

Economise Pleasantly by Making the Most of the January Sales



AFTER all the bustle and gaiety of Christmas—the excitement of the January sales. That they *are* exciting is quite conclusively proved by the sale catalogues that will be sent to anybody who writes for them. They are as full of interest as any book on your library list, and no matter what you may want, you will be able to find it within their pages. Shoes, gloves, bags, underclothes and accessories are always excellent investments, and just a small selection of major bargains is quoted in the following news items.

Although the general sale at Debenham and Freebody's, of Wigmore Street, W., does not begin until January 6, their fur sale commences on December 30. If you are wanting a black dyed galliac cape you will be able to get it for 29 guineas instead of 49 guineas, or there are British moleskin capes with cravat ties for 5 guineas. On January 6 and during the following weeks there will be drastic reductions in model gowns, while household linens provide some very tempting offers.

Real Harris tweed coats for 30s., or trimmed with fur for 40s., should induce you to hurry to Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus. "Merle," a beautiful satin evening dress with a ruched front and a slimming cross-cut back, complete with a coatee which fastens at the waist with a diamanté clasp, also costs 40s. It is made in delightful colours and four sizes. A collection of evening and day dresses will be available from 60s. in the small sizes speciality salon, while a number of full size afternoon frocks can be chosen at 40s. each.

The Book of Bargains will tell you all about the sale at Marshall and Snelgrove's of Oxford Street, W. As usual, all the original model gowns will be cleared regardless of cost. Camiknickers, in day and evening shapes, usually priced from 21s. 9d. to 30s., will cost 16s. 6d.; "Marshella" substandard silk stockings, the imperfections so slight that they are scarcely visible and will in no way affect the wear, will cost 4s. 6d. instead of 8s. 11d., or 3s. 11d. instead of 6s. 11d.; box-calf handbags reduced to 25s. from 35s. 6d.; tailored coatees in ring velvet, offered at 29s. 6d. instead of 39s. 6d.; and the entire collection of model millinery to be cleared regardless of cost.

Home-lovers will certainly wend their way to Waring and Gillow, of Oxford Street, W., during January, and women who appreciate tailor-mades that are perfect in line and detail will do well to take advantage of the January sale at Studd and Millington's of 51, Conduit Street, W., and of the 10 per cent. reduction which will be made at Bernard Weatherill of 55, Conduit Street, W.

IMPORTANT DATES

Sale	Commences
Debenham & Freebody	Dec. 30
Marshall & Snelgrove	Dec. 30
Swan & Edgar	Dec. 30
Waring and Gillow	Dec. 30
Studd & Millington	Jan. 1
Bernard Weatherill	Jan. 1

TURKEY PARADE: Students at a poultry training farm at Welwyn, Herts, help a passing motorist to select his Christmas dinner. The car in the picture is the new Humber Twelve saloon

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

I WONDER how many of us stop to think what a difference the motor car has made to our Christmas festivities. In the old days no one could hope to travel any distance from home unless a journey by rail was undertaken. Railways to-day are conducted in a much more humane manner than was the case thirty or forty years ago, and at those times a journey was nearly always an adventure. Unless relations or guests could be put up for three or four days it was scarcely worth while making the journey.

To-day, however, with the motor car all ready to go at a moment's notice hundreds of miles, relations and friends think nothing of spending Christmas Day at a house fifty or a hundred miles distant and returning the same evening. We can see, therefore, at a glance how much more pleasant our modern Christmas is, solely because we have an ever-willing servant in our garage.

All of us find at this time of the year that we are afflicted with that difficult task of choosing Christmas presents. I cannot remember whether in the age of horses a son presented his father with a smart bridle or the latest thing in saddles, but I do know that in these modern times friends and relations do buy gadgets and extras for cars and these are presented as Christmas gifts. Anything which makes the task of choosing Christmas presents a little easier has our gratitude and there is no doubt that the motor car deserves our thanks in this respect.

At the same time, I must strike a note of warning. Because someone owns a motor car it must not be taken for granted that a mascot or a new dashboard clock will prove acceptable as a gift. Many owners, like myself, object strongly to adding anything to their car unless it happens to be exactly what is required. Givers of presents should, therefore, be careful that the motoring gifts that they choose are really acceptable to the recipients.

With so many so-called extras now forming part of the standard equipment the choice of a motoring gift is not quite so simple as it was ten years ago. Many people may think that such a thing as a set of sparking plugs would always be acceptable, but when articles such as these are bought for a car a certain amount of technical knowledge is required if the gift is not to be a curse instead of a blessing. Sparking plugs all look alike to the uninformed, but it is a well-known fact that a plug which functions perfectly in one standard touring car may be most erratic in another. I merely quote this instance of sparking plugs to show that a little technical advice from a friend or garage assistant is very useful and may make all the difference to the pleasure derived from the gift, not only by the receiver, but also by the giver.

Let me pass on a practical suggestion for a Christmas present for a motoring friend, and in this particular case no technical assistance is required. Few people buy a rug for use whilst travelling in a car, and I do not think that any manufacturer supplies one as a part of the standard equipment. Very seldom do I see a driver with a rug wrapped round his knees; in fact most of us would probably assume straight away that it would be a nuisance, and would prevent the controls being properly and quickly operated. Still, I venture to suggest that nine drivers out of ten, once they tried the experiment of driving with a rug round their knees, during the winter months, would never voluntarily go without one. A rug is not an expensive item, and the only care that has to be taken in its purchase is to see that the colour tones in with the interior colour scheme of the car. A little observation on the part of the giver will soon prevent any mistake being made.

I have now completed 10,000 miles on my 3½ litre Bentley car. When I took delivery in July last I knew I was making no experiment in motoring, although my three previous vehicles had been 20–25-h.p. Rolls-Royces. On many previous occasions I had the enjoyable experience of testing Bentley cars on the road and so I was fairly well acquainted with the performance I could expect day after day. However, I always reckon that no driver obtains a true idea of a car until he owns one and drives it every day, much in the same way that no man or woman really appreciates the husband- or wife-to-be, as the case may be, until the two have lived in the same house day after day. I did not think I was going to be disappointed, but I have found that good as I thought the Bentley was, it has proved even better. There are certain cars in the history of motoring that have had an outstanding effect on design and on motoring in general.

In its own particular sphere the Austin Seven is such a car and now that I have driven the Bentley for many months I have come to the conclusion that it in its class is a leader. The makers describe it as "the silent sports car" and there is no doubt whatever that it is silent but, at the same time, it is one of the finest sports cars the world has ever seen. Several other manufacturers have, since the introduction of the Bentley, introduced sports models which give a very satisfying degree of silence.

One of the great disadvantages in the eyes of most sane people of a sports car until a few years ago, was the irritating noise which accompanied it. Its driver was probably thrilled with the exhaust note, but other road users considered it a confounded nuisance. In fact, until the Bentley came along it was almost universally thought that a sports car could not be produced unless it made a noise. I venture to suggest that in five years' time, even if the law does not make it obligatory, all sports cars will be silent.

During my five months' ownership I have been surprised to find how many people are unaware of the fact that the Bentley car to-day is made in the Rolls-Royce works at Derby. When that is realised it must come as no surprise that the modern Bentley is not only fast and silent, but almost everlastingly reliable and practically free from wear. Of all the marvels which are produced at the Rolls-Royce works I always think that the greatest is their ability to produce such a complicated piece of mechanism, like a car, which ever scarcely shows the slightest sign of wear after years of continuous use.

As I have said before, I have owned three Rolls-Royce and I found on each of them, after I had done well over 20,000 miles that the engine would keep ticking over with the throttle lever placed in one nick in the quadrant, and if it was moved to the next one underneath the engine would definitely stop. They would all do that when new, and without any adjustment whatever they would repeat the performance when I sold them. I can now see that the Bentley is going to be just as free from wear as were those previous cars.

MARY TUDOR

"The Bloody Mary" of Tradition and the Estimate of Her in Wilfrid Grantham's New Drama at the Playhouse

THE first Queen Mary of England enjoyed but a brief reign of five years, during the course of which she acquired an opprobrious title which has clung to her with dreary persistence through the succeeding centuries. That large section of people whose knowledge of history is so amply satisfied with *1066 And All That* only recall Mary Tudor as the Queen who sent martyrs to the stake at Smithfield. Some at least of those who have been seeing the play, *Mary Tudor*, now running at the Playhouse, have been worried that Darnley does not make an appearance, nicely confusing the aunt with her niece, Mary Queen of Scots, who at the time of Mary Tudor's accession was only ten years old.

QUEEN MARY I: An engraving from the original portrait by Holbein

It is not easy in an age of religious toleration to understand the forces which produced persecution, but in the sixteenth century all religious faiths practised persecution in some form. It was the misfortune of Mary Tudor that she was too sincere, too wholehearted in her love for her church, to endure compromise. She had suffered many hardships in her early life and all the new ideas which were permeating the country together with the revolt against the Pope were associated with her tragedy.

Born the eldest child of Henry VIII by his Spanish wife, Katharine of Aragon, she had at first been petted at Court, proclaimed Princess of Wales, and schemes for great marriages had been entertained for her at a very early age. Then came the fatal attraction of Anne Boleyn, the scandal of her mother's divorce, her own humiliation and disgrace, involving her removal from Court, and the declaration of her illegitimacy. During the reign of her young brother, Edward VI, she had seen the triumph of Protestantism, the rapacity of the nobles in seizing Church lands, and the general spoliation of the Church.

Always in danger—never certain what might be her fate—Mary yet retained the Tudor courage, and when poor young Lady Jane Grey was proclaimed Queen by the masterful Duke of Northumberland, she refused to submit to the Council and raised a force in the country to resist the usurper. England undoubtedly welcomed Mary, the rightful Queen, and if she had only possessed something of the skill of her sister, Elizabeth, in the knowledge of government, she might have had a happy and successful reign. But she alienated her subjects, who had grown strongly national, by marriage with a Spaniard, and secondly by the revival of the heresy laws, under which she was able to send heretics to the stake.

Mary was not naturally cruel. She was ready to pardon treason, but to heresy she was implacable. Very few were put to death on her accession and her first Council was largely composed of men who had shouted for Queen Jane. She was anxious to pardon the "Nine Days' Queen" whom she rightly regarded as the victim of Northumberland's ambition, and it was with reluctance that, after Wyatt's rebellion, she agreed that the sentence of death should be carried out. To Elizabeth she had often shown acts of kindness, particularly when she was a neglected little girl.

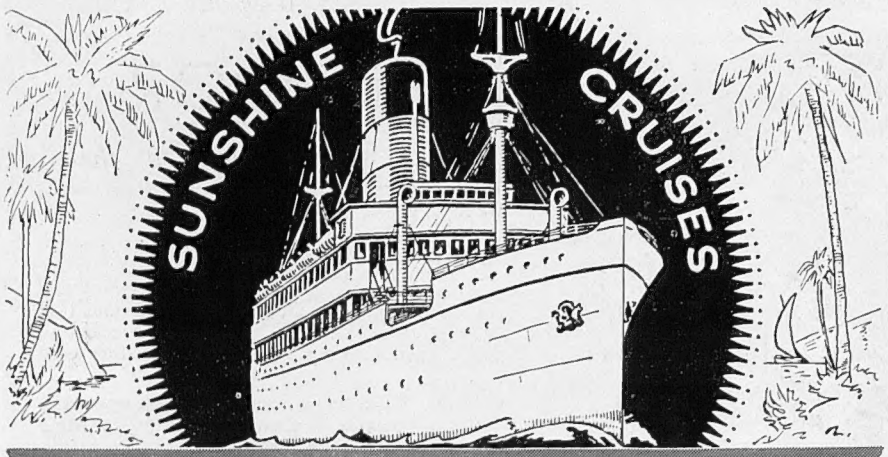
The author of the play, Mr. Wilfrid Grantham rightly emphasises the splendid manner in which Mary faced the danger of Wyatt's rebellion, displaying the same forcefulness which Elizabeth showed, later on, at Tilbury before the Armada. The stirring speech, so finely delivered by Miss Flora Robson, is a record of fact, being as Foxe says "as near out of her mouth as could be penned." No one who hears that speech can fail to realise that Mary had queenly qualities, and that she had the power to capture the hearts of her subjects. One can almost feel the thrill of those who heard it when she ended her speech "And now good subjects, pluck up your hearts, and like true men stand fast against these rebels, both our enemies and yours, and fear them not, for I assure you, I fear them nothing at all."

But Mary could not maintain that popular leadership, for though she loved England, she loved her Church more, and felt that the greatest good she could bring to her country was its restoration to the Pope.

Mr. Wilfrid Grantham gives us a somewhat one-sided vision of Mary Tudor in his nevertheless most interesting play. Perhaps it was his intention to show us the woman, with her kindly impulses, her courage under adversity, her great love for her husband (which is shown in a most delicate and delightful manner) — but of the Queen who remorselessly signed the warrants condemning poor wretches to the most horrible of deaths he shows us (except for a slight reference) nothing at all. It is estimated that not fewer than 300 people suffered death by burning; a mere trifle, indeed, compared with the numbers condemned in Spain and the Netherlands, but it was enough, as Professor A. F. Pollard writes, to stamp "on the mind a hatred, unthinking, and almost indelible of Rome and all its belongings, and it planted a root of bitterness which grew and cast its shadow upon many a page of English history."

TWO HEADS BENEATH A SINGLE CROWN: The obverse of a shilling of the reign of Mary showing in profile both the Queen and her husband, Philip of Spain. Many coins of the period do not include Philip

D.H.



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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

(See also 3rd page of cover)

L., Northants (Ceylon).—The best months for a short trip to Ceylon are January and February. March and April are dry and hot, though the climate of the hill resorts is very pleasant during these months. The mean maximum temperature at Colombo during January and February is 87° Fah., and 88·1° Fah., and at Nuwara Eliya during March and April 72·3° Fah. and 71·4° Fah. The latter resort is the principal hill station of Ceylon, and is situated at a height of 6,240 ft. above sea level. There are good hotels there, the leading hotel being the Grand which charges from £1 2s. 6d. per day for a short period. There is a golf course there, tennis, and bridge clubs, and good trout fishing can be obtained in the neighbourhood. Nuwara Eliya is six to seven hours' distance by car from Colombo and about two hours from Kandy. The Galle Face Hotel in Colombo charges from 18s. 9d. per day. The P. and O. Line are quoting a special return 1st class fare from London to Colombo of £104, there being a small supplement payable by passengers who wish to sail back from Colombo after February 14.

P., Kent (Madeira).—You would be certain to find warm sunny conditions in Madeira during February and March, the average temperature at Funchal during those months being 60° Fah. and 61·6° Fah. respectively. The climate is equable though slightly moist and relaxing. Two good hotels there are Reid's Palace Hotel and the Savoy Hotel, both of which are situated on cliffs overlooking the sea, with their own private bathing establishments, bathing being possible all the year round. You should take light-coloured clothing such as is worn during the early summer in England. You will not require a fur coat, though one would of course be useful for wear on the voyage out. Rubber-soled shoes would be useful as many of the streets in Funchal are paved with cobble-stones. The Union Castle Line will give you full particulars of sailings and fares to Madeira.

"THE SPHERE" REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Tel. 3266.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel. Tel. 50.
Droitwich.—St. Andrew's House (unlicensed).
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exford (nr. Minehead, W. Som.).—Crown Hotel.
Exmouth.—Imperial Hotel.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hastings.—Albany Hotel. Tel. 761 and 762.
Keswick, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel.
Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Malvern.—Royal Foley Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel. Tel. 1912.
Weston-super-Mare.—Grand Atlantic. Tel. 1533.
Weston-super-Mare.—Grosvenor Htl (unlicen'd)
Worthing.—Percival's Hotel. Sea front. Tel. 1661.

LONDON

De Vere Hotel, S.W.7. West 0051.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.—Royal Hotel.
Greystones, Co. Wicklow.—Grand Hotel.

WELCOME TO AUSTRIA

THE SKI-PARADISE
WINTER SEASON 1935-36

SOME ATTRACTIONS DURING THE WINTER SEASON, 1935-36

SPORTS EVENTS :

In December and January ...	**VIENNA:** International Ice Hockey Tournament.
In January	**BADGASTEIN (Salzburg):** Toboggan and Ski Races.
25th January	**BAD ISCHL (Upper Austria):** Austrian Ski Mastership.
17th to 19th February ...	**SEEFELD (Tyrol):** International Ski Jumping and Slalom Competition, International Skating Competition.
21st and 22nd February ...	**INNSBRUCK (Tyrol): F.I.S.** Races, 1936. (Ski and Slalom Competition of the Fédération Internationale de Ski.) In connection with the **F.I.S.** Races from **February 17th to 24th** numerous Winter Sport Events: Curling, Skating, Ice Hockey, etc.
22nd and 23rd February ...	**SEMMERING (Two hours from Vienna):** International Bobsleigh Race. **1st March:** International Ski Jumping of the Masters for the Zimdin Cup.
23rd February	**KLAGENFURT (Carinthia):** International Ski Jumping.
25th February	**KITZBUEHEL:** International Ski Jumping Race.
29th February	**LECH ON THE ARLBERG (Vorarlberg):** Madloch Race, Ski Racing.
3rd May	**ST. CHRISTOPH ON THE ARLBERG (Tyrol):** May-Ski Race.
31st May	**HEILIGENBLUT (Carinthia):** International Glockner Ski Race.

SOCIAL EVENTS :

25th January	**VIENNA:** Opera Ball.
25th January to 3rd February	**VIENNA and SEMMERING (near Vienna):** International Bridge Tournament of the Austrian Bridge League.
6th February	**VIENNA:** Ball of the City of Vienna in the Town Hall.
In January and February ...	**VIENNA:** Artist Balls, Hunter Balls, Bals Masqués. Costume Balls.
8th to 14th March	**VIENNA:** Vienna International Fair.

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SILVER JUBILEE YEAR

(Continued from p. 516)

there were the first rumours of a General Election to be held this autumn. Almost simultaneously with the excitement about Mr. Ricketts' oil concession came the announcement of the Duke of Gloucester's engagement. Huey Long was duly assassinated; Dame Madge Kendal died, and Fred Perry got married. There was all the preliminary talk about Sanctions; the Abyssinian frontier was crossed on October 2 by the Italians. The first lot of English quadruplets of the year was born, though only two survived. Arthur Henderson and Lord Carson both added to the mounting toll of celebrities; Lord Morris also died; and it became evident that the King of Greece would return to Athens.

And so we come by easy stages to the General Election, as a result of which the bulls of the National Government made a packet for themselves in their election majority forecasts.

It has certainly been an eventful twelve months, and the most prosperous since 1929. The cold spring, with the days including May 6 as the only fine spell for weeks, a more than usually wet November, and the Ruxton murder charge, bring us to the close of the year, during the course of which the Dionne quintuplets probably provided more gags for after-dinner speakers than any other topic. And then, suddenly there came a governmental surprise which reverberated over the world when a semi-partitioning of Abyssinia was suggested in agreement with France, and ostensibly as an effort to secure an immediate peace. Coming after Sir Samuel Hoare's remarkable speech in reference to sanctions the new situation proved a great puzzle, and fuller light was evidently needed. This was given in the House on Thursday of last week.

PERSONALITIES OF 1935

(Continued from p. 498)

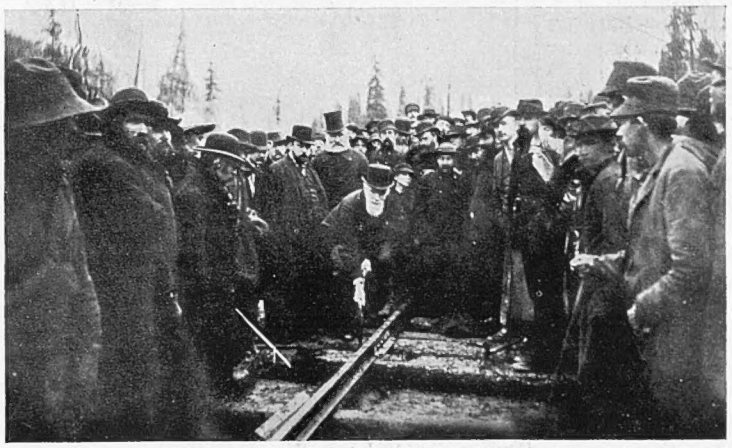
Mark Twain. He was by far the best known and most liked personality among 130 millions of a great people. He had every possible audience: newspaper, radio, screen, stage platform. His genial reading of life, and his anti-self enacting of it, impressed a whole generation of his countrymen and women.

Of last year's list, only one name goes forward into this, that of Anthony Eden who, whatever be the fate or one's opinion of Sanctions, will go down in history as the first man to put them over and, at the same time, seriously try out the League. Did Mr. Eden work too well, too thoroughly, at Geneva? May not his infectious zeal, spurring on Russian and Czech, Pole and Lett, have been a handicap? Ought he not to have humoured the Duce more? The Duce, apparently, doesn't like Mr. Eden. Well, we must see about all that later . . .

Yet another name goes in by reason of death in the case of Colonel Lawrence. (Isn't this list too topheavy with death? Try and avoid it.) If any man was a personality, here was one. Half Europe believes him still alive, and will continue so to do indefinitely. Yet everything was done, even from Buckingham Palace, to save the life of one who might not have greatly desired to be saved. Lawrence held eternal and constant courtmartial upon himself, so he writes. What that strain must have been! And there is more that has never been printed, which may clarify in some measure the half-tragic post-war handling of existence by this rare genius. Howbeit, here's saluting the strangest and—yes, let the infernal adjective be used—most glamorous figure of this century.

It is difficult to avoid concluding without mention of one who left matters until the close of the year before treading the stage. The restoration of a King to Greece may not in itself be of first importance. But the method of this monarch's return, with its display of strong personality and absence of all throwing himself at things, set a new standard, while it will be interesting to see how this royalist revival works out, in view of the several young gentlemen lying in wait for other thrones.

BLAZING THE WESTERN TRAIL: Guarding the partly-built line as it was being pushed forward through the grain districts of Saskatchewan. An illustration from John Murray Gibbon's *Steel of Empire*, the first complete history of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which has just been published by Rich and Cowan and is reviewed by Vernon Fane on p. 514 of this issue



FROM COAST TO COAST: Donald A. Smith (afterwards Lord Strathcona) driving in the last spike on November 7, 1885, thus marking the completion of the Canadian Pacific and the linking of Western and Eastern Canada. Another picture from John Murray Gibbon's *Steel of Empire*

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The Society have received from their patron, H.M. the King, a donation of £10 towards the funds of the Newport Market Army Bands School, which is one of their branches. The Society have also received from their President, H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, a donation of £10. Will readers of THE SPHERE please follow these Royal examples, and send donations, large or small, towards this great work of training poor boys and girls to be useful citizens. All donations will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

T., Kent (Spain and Portugal).—A first-class hotel at Algeciras is the Cristina, which is British owned and managed. You will find facilities for both golf and tennis there while excursions can be made to Ronda, Granada, and Malaga by road or rail, and by boat to Tangier and Ceuta. Terms at the Hotel Cristina range from about £1 per day during the winter season. The return 1st-class fare by P. and O. Line from London to Gibraltar (from where it is a short ferry crossing to Algeciras) is £18, the journey taking four days. Estoril, which is thirty minutes distance from Lisbon by electric train, is a most attractive resort, with excellent hotels, tennis courts and golf course, a good beach and a casino. It enjoys a fashionable winter season, the climate then being sunny and bracing, the average temperature being 55° Fahr. The leading hotel there, the Palacio is a de luxe hotel, the Parque Hotel quoting more reasonable prices. The return fare to Lisbon by Blue Star Line is £18, the boats carrying first-class passengers only. The overland fare to both Algeciras and Lisbon is expensive being £19 11s. 9d. return 2nd-class to Algeciras, and £17 18s. 11d. to Lisbon, there being in addition the cost of sleeping berths and meals en route.

S., Wilts (Kenya Colony).—The hot season of Nairobi, the capital of Kenya and situated at a height of 5,452 ft. lasts from the latter part of December to the middle or end of March, the mean maximum shade temperatures then being 79° F. in January, 81° F. in February, and 82° F. in March. The nights however are always pleasantly cool, and there is usually a breeze during most of the day, the air being unusually dry. The two rainy seasons occur from October–November and March–May, the cold period lasting through June, July, and August when the mean maximum shade temperature in July is 70° F. A period of warmer weather prevails from September to early October when the short rains start. The climate of the Highlands is healthy for Europeans the whole year round, and during the cold season it is wise to take precautions against catching cold. There are several good hotels in Nairobi, including the Avenue Hotel which charges from about £1 per day, and the New Stanley which charges slightly less. There are two 18-hole golf courses there, a racecourse, and polo club. Naivasha, on Lake Naivasha, and 66 miles by rail from Nairobi is a favourite holiday resort with three hotels, and facilities for golf, duck shooting, boating, and trout-fishing. Nakuru, 102 miles by road from Nairobi, is also situated on a lake, and has several first-class hotels and a golf course, and is in addition in the centre of a very good game country. The Kenya and Uganda Railways and Harbours and the Tanganyika Railways, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2, will give you details of the special return excursion fares available, and you can, of course, travel to Mombasa by Union Castle Line.

Reference was given in this column last week to the winter cruise of the *Arandora Star* to the Spanish Main and the South Sea, and it was then inadvertently stated that application for further particulars should be made to The Royal Mail Line. The owners of this luxury ship are, of course, the Blue Star Line, and their address is 3 Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

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"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel du Jubile.—Opened 1935. Sun and fresh air. Private bath and breakfast from 10/6.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cap Martin.—Roquebrune.—Villa Sevigne.—5 min. from centre Monte Carlo. Famous for its cuisine. H. & C. water. Pens. fr. 28 Frs. up.

Hyeres.—Hotel Beausejour.—Engl. Resid. Hotel in large garden. Engl. Library. Nearest golf, croquet. From 9/- daily. Bertrang, Prop.

Menton.—Hotel des Anglais.—A famous English hotel on sea front. Sunny and quiet. Taken over by owners. Terms from 4 gns. weekly

Menton.—Hotel Bellevue et d'Italie.—Patron by Royalty. Beaut. own gds. Terms fr. 4 gns. Restaur. pers. super. by mang. P. Churchman.

Menton.—The Majestic (Swiss Hotel).—Nearest to Casino, facing gardens, all comfort. Pension from 4 gns. weekly.

Menton.—Orient Hotel.—A most luxurious hotel centr. sit. 200 rms, 100 baths. Terms from Frs. 35 per day, facing south. Prop. L. Brunetti.

Menton.—Grand Hotel du Parc.—First class. Most central. Home comforts. Weekly pension terms from £4.

Menton.—Hotel Royal & Westminster.—On Sea Front, with Garden. 1st Class. 100 yds. fr. New Casino. Quotations in sterling on demand.

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FRANCE—*continued.*

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Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pen. fr. Marks 11.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

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Gstaad.—Hotel Oldenhorn.—3,600 ft. Max. sun. Winter Sports. Pension, incl. all taxes and ski school instruction, from 12 Swiss frs.

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